

Issue 82

£1.50 Not for sale to children
(US \$3.75)

FREE

VIZ

couchtripper.com

SAUCY
SPICE GIRLS
SPICE RACK

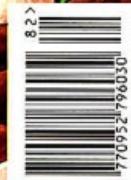
FARMER PALMER

Nobby's Piles

SP-RINGPIECE SPECIAL!

GET ORF MY
AAAARSSES!

Johnny Fartpants
The Parkie
Cockney Wanker



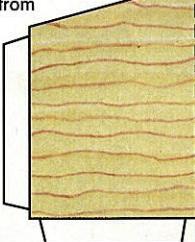
Fellas!
It's HERE!
YOUR
FABULOUS
FREE

'LL tell you what you want, what you really, really want, (Yo! Tell me what I want, what I really, really want). You wanna (uh!) you wanna (uh!) you wanna (uh!) you wanna (uh!) you wanna really, really, really, really spice up you cooking!! And now you can do, thanks to this marvelous innovation in pop, sex and cookery. If you're an unadventurous cook who doesn't know his Marjoram from his Origami, then this free gift will revolutionise your kitchen.

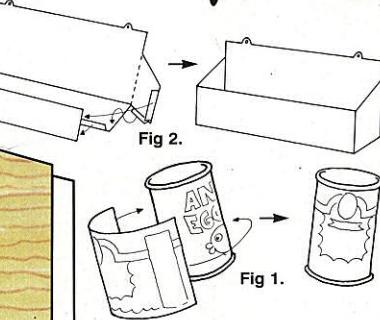
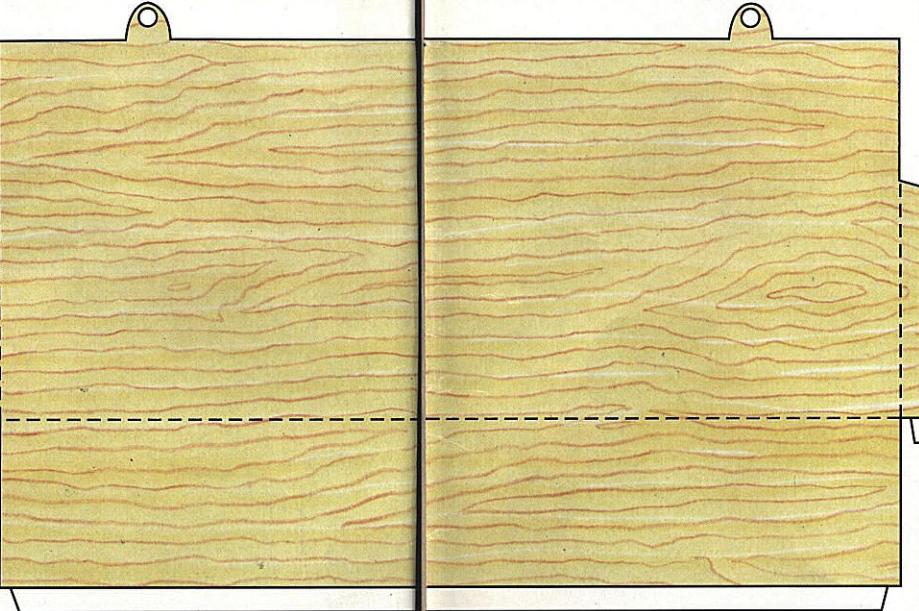
The Spice Girls, Britain's sauciest pop quintet, have got together with Viz to bring you this tit-tastic spice rack, complete with five fabulous nice 'n' spicy spice jar labels.

Reach for your favourite Spice Girl and you really will be cooking! Read their sage like words of spice advice, plus their favourite spicy recipes, written specially for YOU. Made from the finest faux-effect wood, the sturdy spice rack is

guaranteed to make cooking a sizzling, red hot, romantic experience! And once these girls have curried your favour, you'll 'wannabe' reaching for their spicy jars every time you enter the kitchen! So don't be a 'Dill-do'. Make Spice Girls pop music the food of YOUR love, by making your spice rack today. You'll have the 'Thyme' of your life!



SPICE GIRLS NICE 'N' SPICY SPICE RACK



INSTRUCTIONS

Take 5 empty Ant Eggs goldfish food containers to act as your spice jars (take care not to overfeed your fish in eagerness to empty the containers). Cut out the five Spice Girl spice labels and glue around the five containers (fig 1). Your jars are now ready to be filled with the appropriate spice. Next, cut around the solid lines of the Spice Girls spice rack and fold along the dotted lines. Assemble the rack by following the diagram (fig 2). For extra strength, indeed for any strength whatsoever, you make like to paste the spice rack components onto stiff cardboard before assembly. Finally, drill two holes, 2" deep and 5" apart in your kitchen wall and insert two raw plugs. Offer up the spice rack and affix with two 1 1/2" screws.

- SPICE ADVICE
Sage is the wisest of all spices and is found growing in caves on hillsides. It is used extensively in Chinese, Tibetan cooking where it is thought to cure arthritis and dyslexia. Throughout the 1970's, Nordic McWhores lived entirely on a diet of sage which made him shit phlegm.

SAGE
EMMA presents

EMMA'S RECIPE
Roast Chicken
Roast chicken
Vegetables
Sage

Tuna Sandwich
Bread
Sterks SB
Tuna spread
1 twig of Sage

GERI'S RECIPE
Spread the stork & tuna on the bread to make a delicious sandwich. Then put the Time on it. Voila! Serve immediately on a plate with a cup of tea.

SPICE ADVICE
Time waits for no man, so it's best used fresh. This most delicate of all spices goes off within days of being plucked and it cannot be frozen as this makes it freeze fast off. Buy only what you need. Sprinkle liberally onto things like eggs and bacon to give them that timeless flavour of Time.

TIME
GERI presents

GERI'S RECIPE
Spread the stork & tuna on the bread to make a delicious sandwich. Then put the Time on it. Voila! Serve immediately on a plate with a cup of tea.

SPICE ADVICE
Dill is a fine herb and spice that is often overlooked. It is a member of the parsley family. It is easy to grow your own dill; all you need is a bucket of soil, water and a bit of sun. Dill is about 80% tall.

DILL
MEL B presents

MEL B'S RECIPE
Marinade the pie and mix with the egg to form an omelette. Sprinkle with mozzarella. Add the dill and serve immediately.

SPICE ADVICE
There is no finer sight in a herb garden than a basil flower. Generally, it is not eaten as a herb, which is completely tasteless but compensates for this by being extremely flavoursome. It can be bought in most supermarkets or stolen from post people's gardens.

BASIL
VICTORIA presents

VICTORIA'S RECIPE
Welsh Rabbit
Bread
Cheese
Rabbit
Basil

Pineapple Upside-down Cake
1 pineapple cake
Nutmeg

WELSH RABBIT
Place your rabbit (or have if in season) on the toast and cover generously with cheese. Then toast until Welsh throughout. Add Basil to taste and serve.

SPICE ADVICE
Nutmeg is the ultimate party spice, the ideal complement for ice cream, coffee and chocolate. It is also great in jello. Make sure you grind the nut properly to avoid the risk of choking. Nutmeg is the most expensive of all spices costing up to \$3.00 depending on the season.

GROUND NUTMEG
MEL C presents

MEL C'S RECIPE
Take the pineapple cake out of the box and put it upside down on a plate. Sprinkle 1 1/2 lbs of nutmeg on it. Cut into slices and serve.

To combat soaring crime in the nineties, we've decided to bring back the traditional Bobby on the Beat - an all too rare sight on Britain's streets today. Unlike modern stick-wielding cops who hide behind riot shields, our old fashioned Bobby will be patrolling the pages of this magazine on foot, armed only with his authoritative stature and a few words of friendly advice. We'd like you to meet P.C. Jack Roberts.

The VIZ

BOBBY ON THE BEAT

This week Jack has a cautionary tale about the evil of drugs - a problem that could be closer to home than you imagine.

"Mr and Mrs Jones were a decent, respectable, hard working couple. Their son Kevin was a sensible lad who attended a good, private school."

I'm off to bed Mum. I've got exams tomorrow.

Good boy. Have you done your homework?

Yes, 'course I have. Night night.

I'm so glad Kevin is a sensible lad. You read so much about drugs these days.

Our Kevin wouldn't get mixed up in that dear. He's not the type.

The following morning...

Is your breakfast alright Kevin?

MORE DRUGS!

Yeah Mum. It's far out.

Shortly...

Don't be late for school Kevin.

MORE DRUGS!

Hey! Chill out Mrs J. I'm in plenty of time.

He's such a good boy our Kevin. More tea dear?

Christ! Have you seen this water bill? Five hundred quid! How do they work that out?

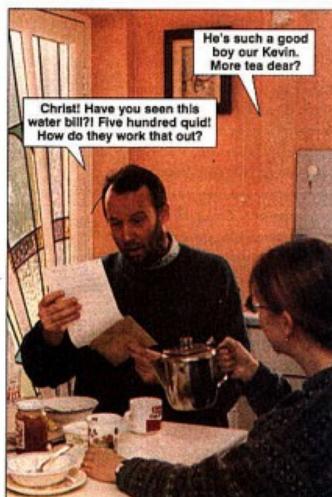
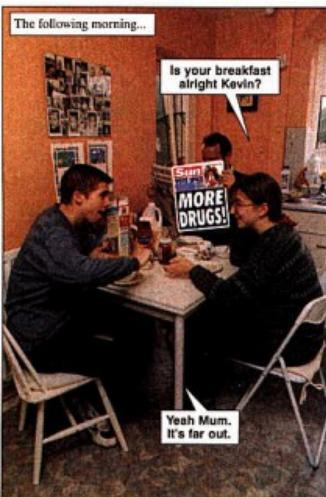
THE DEVIL WITHIN

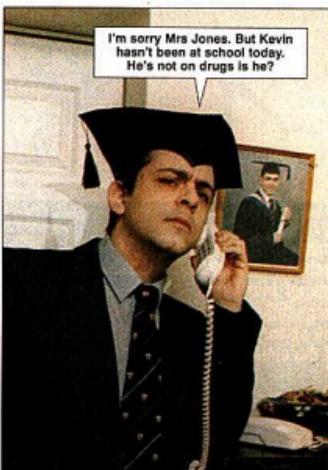
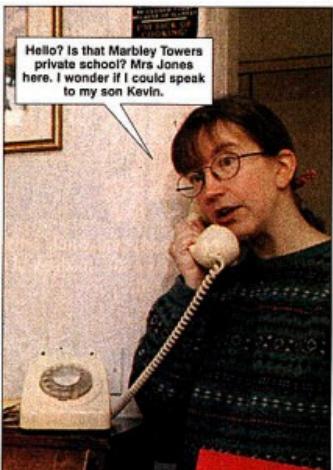


Evening all. PC Roberts here. I know what you're thinking. Drugs are someone else's problem, not mine. YOUR kids would never take drugs. Well, that's exactly what the parents in this house thought. But how wrong they were.



"Our Kevin's not the type." How many times have we all said that, eh? But how well do YOU know YOUR children? Would you spot the signs if YOUR kids were on drugs?





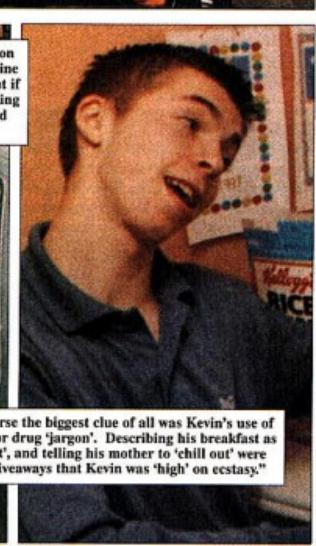
pop Hitz

Exclusive
Hey kids!
E's GREAT!
says Brian 17

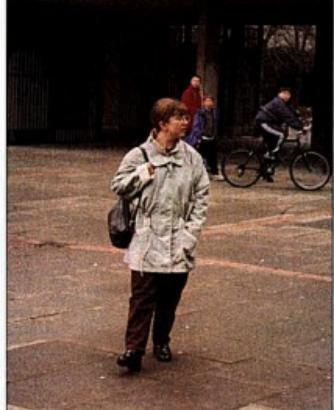
E's GREAT!
HEY KIDS!
IMAGINE

"Did you spot the pop magazine Kevin took to bed? Pop stars blatantly promote the use of drugs, including E, both directly, and indirectly through the hypnotic beats of their music."

And what about that water bill? The drug E sends kids raving for hours on end. They wash it down with gallons of water. How much water do your kids drink?



"Mrs Jones knew she had to find Kevin, and fast, before he inevitably progressed onto harder drugs."



"Eventually she spotted Kevin buying drugs from a 'dealer' in a playground."



And as for you. Dealing in death, ruining people's lives. I've got a good mind to beat you black and blue.

But I don't want you. You're just a small fish. I want Mr Big.



The real villains are the Mr Bigs, the evil drug barons who make millions by importing large quantities of drugs and selling them on. These faceless gangsters wear suits, drive cars and appear to lead respectable lives, making it impossible for police to catch them. But they hadn't bargained for Mrs Jones.



Right. I want the name and address of your Mr Big, or I'll give you a thick ear.



Okay! Okay! His name is Mr X. I'm meeting him today at 2 o'clock.

That's more like it. Now we're getting somewhere.



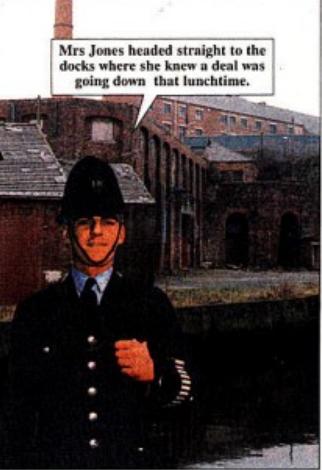
Are you alright Kevin?

Yes Mum, I think I've just had a bad trip.



Come on. It's time to put a stop to this evil drugs trade once and for all.

Mrs Jones headed straight to the docks where she knew a deal was going down that lunchtime.



"At two o'clock exactly a car pulled up and the deal started to 'go down'."

Have you got the bread?

Okay... but I've got a shooter. One false move and I'll ventilate you and make you into history.

IT'S YOU!!

Yeah. But I want to see the gear first.

You - a drug baron! How could you?

Dad... how could you? I could have OD'd on those drugs

You see, I needed the extra income to pay Kevin's school fees. I wanted you to do well. Pass your exams. Get a good job.

I guess we've all been a bit stupid, haven't we? You for selling drugs, Kevin for buying them... ...and me for failing to spot the tell tale signs that something was going wrong.

I can explain.

But now that's all back fired!

I can still pass my exam. It doesn't start till three. I can still make it.

I feel a turkey dad, for having taken drugs. But it's never too late to stop.

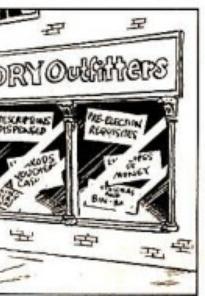
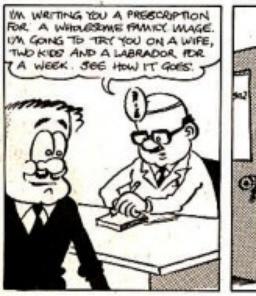
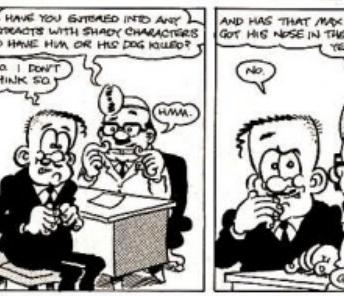
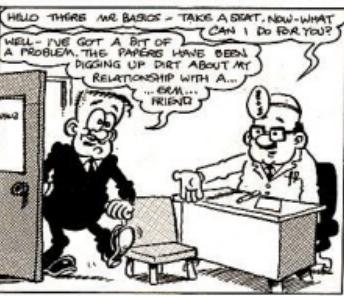
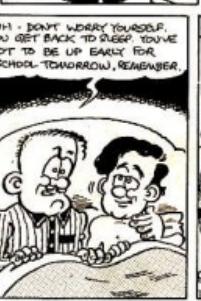
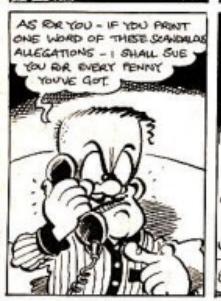
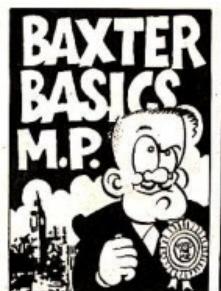
The Jones were lucky. They were able to win their own battle against drugs. But what about YOUR family? If you think drugs aren't your problem, then think again.

But haven't you got 'cold turkey'?

You're right son. Once I've sold these, I'm finishing. There'll be no more drug deals for me.

And if there's any kids reading this, DON'T TAKE 'E'. It's not big and it's not clever. Evening all.

The End





I'd like to take this opportunity to congratulate this Scotchie bloke who used to be in Eastenders on his new found career dressing as an admiral, with a pony hat and telescope, selling car insurance on TV ads. A shrewd career move in the light of all the problems that the wealth and fame associated with soap stardom can bring about. Now there's a fella with his head screwed on.

Rasta
Up North

Seeing stars

Last week I stood behind Viz Reeves in a queue at the newsagents at Watford Gap service station. He purchased 20 Silk Cut cigarettes, a Custom Car magazine, and some apples. Are any other readers able to report on the cigarette/magazine/fruit purchasing preferences of the stars?

Tim Venn
Abingdon, Oxon.



Reeves - bought Silk Cut, car mag and apples yesterday.

* Thanks for the tip off, Tim. If you spot a celebrity, write and tell where they were and what they were doing. In a new feature we'll regularly be plotting the movements of the rich and famous. Write to Star Watch, Viz, P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT. There'll be regular updates on star activity in the next issue, and a special certificate for all our Star Watchers.

Paul McBeath
Southport

I am interested in buying a caravan. However I cannot find the caravan that goes with my car. If anyone has a caravan with the license plate J471 PSD could I please buy it from them.

Paul McBeath
Southport

Come to Middlesbrough and smell our fumes



A Fortnight in Cleveland's Petrochemical Wonderland costs from as little as £4.

I read somewhere that the bloke with the smallest cock in the world is the Divisional Officer at HMS Raleigh, Torpoint. Apparently he could stick it up an ant's bum and shake it around, and it wouldn't even touch the sides.

Anon.
Kent

Talking shit

A reader in issue 81 asked what the word 'constipation' might have been if it were derived from Greek rather than Latin, and also what the word 'diarrhoea' would have been if it had been derived from Latin instead of Greek.

'Diarrhoea' is easy. Celsus, writing in medical texts books in Latin during the 1st Century AD, uses the word 'profluvium' (a flowing forth), thus providing a Latin term for 'diarrhoea'. 'Constipation' is much more difficult. Celsus (Latin) and Galen (writing medical text books in Greek during the 2nd Century AD) both use phrases rather than specific words to describe the condition. Celsus says "alvus astricta" and Galen says "gaster epechomeno". Both can literally be translated as "seized up belly". If there had been a specific word available, these great scholars would surely have used it.

Of course "constipatio" is a genuine Latin word, meaning "densely packed mass". But this was more often used in reference to dense crowds of people thronging around some great public hero. Evidently, some mediaeval physician press ganged "constipatio" into service in a medical context in order to refer to densely packed crowds of poo in bums. Had he gone for a Greek word rather than Latin, he would most likely have hijacked the word "synpraxis"; which is the exact equivalent in every sense.

Incidentally, the modern Greek word for constipation is "dyscoleoeteata" (difficulty with the bowels), but this comes from an ancient Greek adjective, not a noun.

G. N. Littlejohn
Glasgow

A different kettle of piss

If Mr Jameson or Mrs Houseman (my old head of year teachers) are reading this, I pissed in your staff room kettle.

Wayne Martin
Alfreton, Derbyshire

GRUPO



INDUSTRIAL ARSE

* No. But if readers want further information about Grupo Arse, whose main activities are the manufacture of electrical harnesses, plastic injection and electronic assembly, you can write to them at: Grupo Industrial Arse, Camino Real a Xochitepec, 80, Santa Maria Tepepan, Mexico.

Joe Baker
Glenravel Publications
Belfast



In reply to that bloke who doesn't get out much (issue 81). If that's what an education does for you, I'm glad I'm thick.

W. Walker
Carmarthenshire, Wales

Pop goes the pringle

"Once you pop, you can't stop", claims the Pringles advert. Not so. Last week I opened - or "popped" - a pack of Pringles, and had no trouble stopping. I simply replaced the lid and put the pack back in the cupboard for later.

David Goodall
The Internet

While strolling along the Internet after dinner the other evening my wife and I spotted this rather amusing website. I bet this company is run by a Mexican relation of Johnny Farptarts... or something like that, but only funny. Do I get £5?

Glenn Ashcroft
Lichfield, Staffs.

A trip down mammary lane

Whatever happened to seventies tits? Those plump, rounded, globby ones that stuck out sideways? Confessions films were full of them. Nowadays all you see is bouncing beach balls, or tuppenny baps. Perhaps Mrs Thatcher is to blame for the missing knockers.



"Maggie Thatcher, milk snatcher" may have played a part in changing the tit shape of Britain? Could the withdrawal of free school milk have had an effect on the nation's busts? Perhaps any nutritionists, dietitians or tit doctors among your readership could enlighten us.

R.V. Window
Dunstable

Which back issues are we selling?

"Magic bumhole, please be telling"



Royal yelly

* In the last issue we asked you to send in your heated, unruly and offensive letters airing your bigoted views on the monarchy. The result is the nation's first fully comprehensive, foul mouthed, bad tempered debate on the future of Britain's royals.

□ I think the Royals do a marvellous job. Just look at the Queen Mum, God Bless Her. She's 97, and she's still got a smile and a wave for everyone.

Mrs B.
Essex

□ Fuck off! They're leeches, that's what they are. They never do a day's work, and...

□ Nonsense, absolute nonsense.

P. Regan
Portalo

...no, no let me finish... they're always on holiday. Is that what we pay them for? Eh? Eh? To go off on holiday 300 days a year?

David McGraw
Glasgow

□ That's rubbish and you know it. They work very hard indeed...

□ Work? You call waltzing off on Concorde work?

P. Regan
Portalo

...they work very hard and they more than pay for themselves in the long run.

Ann Rutherford
Gillingham

□ Bullshit! That is absolute bullshit...

G. Parson
Bournemouth

□ Mind your fucking language, there's ladies present.

Mr S. Cain
Bambidexter

□ They do a marvellous job, and despite all the criticism they get, they can't answer back. They're just a normal family like anybody else...

Ann Rutherford
Gillingham

□ I'm sorry love, but that's shit and you know it. They're parasites...

□ Booooooo!

E. Generator
Millwall

□ Shame!

Mrs C. Mixer
Dartingtonfield

...they're spongers, the bloody whooly lot of them.

G. Parson

□ No, wait a minute... the lady finish...

* One at a time please, one at a time. You'll all get your chance...

□ No, you let someone else finish for a change, you big mouthed wanker.

P. Drill

Folkestone

□ No... I'm sorry... you don't talk to me like that... You can't talk to...

□ Get your fucking hands off me will you... Get your hands off!

P. Drill

Folkestone

...you bastard! You bloody bastard!!!

Trevor Edwards
Worthing

□ Aaaagh! Get the fuck off me, will you! Aaaah! Get off me!!!

P. Drill

Folkestone

Thomas Boylan
HMP Barlinnie

* Okay, we're sorry. Any girls who'd like to write to a Scotch bloke whose never robbed any old women, write to: Thomas Boylan, No. 29778, Hall C 4/12, HMP Barlinnie, Glasgow G31.

Thomas Boylan
HMP Barlinnie

* Okay, we're sorry. Any girls who'd like to write to a Scotch bloke whose never robbed any old women, write to: Thomas Boylan, No. 29778, Hall C 4/12, HMP Barlinnie, Glasgow G31.

□ Can I just say that I think Camilla has got a face like a horse's ring-piece

I. Jones

Oldham

□ Well, we've counted the votes and the result is that 60% of our readers think Charles should abdicate, and only 8 out of 10 believe Camilla is fit to be Queen, with over half of those preferring Princess Anne, and a massive two thirds of people who voted choosing William as their future King.

I. Jones

Oldham

□ In reply to the correspondent (issue 81) who asked for historical figures whose names sounded most like the end of man's cock. In Scotland, during the 1530s, King James V had an assistant clerk named John Belledene. I hope this is of some use.

C. Brackenridge
Glasgow

□ In reply to the correspondent (issue 81) who asked for historical figures whose names sounded most like the end of man's cock. In Scotland, during the 1530s, King James V had an assistant clerk named John Belledene. I hope this is of some use.

Continues...

Scots porridge writes

□ Cheeky cunts. What gives you the right to print that reply to my letter? (Issue 81). First, I've not ever have or will be arrested for crimes against any old women. Secondly, I do not regret one fuckin' thing I have done so I'm not going to apologize to you or any other bastard for my crimes. All we asked is for you print our names and numbers for correspondence from females, 18-35, to pass the time away. But you had to be smart arsed and try to make us look bad. There's never any problems for the English cons. It's just that you're anti-Scottish. I don't care if you print this or not. I'm just setting the record straight from our side.

Thomas Boylan
HMP Barlinnie

* Okay, we're sorry. Any girls who'd like to write to a Scotch bloke whose never robbed any old women, write to: Thomas Boylan, No. 29778, Hall C 4/12, HMP Barlinnie, Glasgow G31.

□ Alex Ferguson should have played Andy Cole up front for Manchester United despite his two broken legs. After all, he can still be used as a 'pinball bumper' to deflect powerful shots into the goal from two yards, which, to be fair, was all he did anyway.

Paul Taylor

Southampton supporter

The Internet

□ I'm not sure how you calculate that Liverpool, followed by Everton and Bolton are the nearest football league grounds to Warrington (your reply to Man United fan Nick, issue 81). Do you assume people will be travelling by helicopter, or perhaps car and boat? Looking at an RAC atlas it is obvious that by road Old Trafford is much nearer Warrington than either Anfield or Goodison Park, and so Nick has every right to support Manchester United.

M.K.
Stoke on Trent

□ I enclose a cheque/postal order payable to John Brown Publishing Limited.

□ I have an agreement with a credit company whereby they pay for everything I buy. Here's my card number:

"Lady look beneath your chair, and you will see the numbers there"

39	60	61	72
40	62	63	73
53	64		76
54	65	66	77
56	67	70	78
59			80

Cor! What a fan-tastic bott, our new Back Issue girl has got! A quite majestic rear view, and her bum-hole's magic tool!

The lady with a magic arse and her foot on a chair will be delighted to send you any of the above back issues of Viz. Both her and her bum will be chuffed to hear from you. Simply circle the issue numbers which you require (beneath the chair), then fill in the form below and send it off, together with your money. Back issues cost £1.50 each plus postage. (Add 50p postage for 1 back issue, £1 for 5 or less, and £1.50 for 6 or more.) Overseas customers then add 10% of the total you've arrived at so far, and pay in sterling with a cheque drawn on a UK bank. (We regret the lady with a magic arse and her foot on a chair cannot accept gratuities.)

Send the completed form to: Viz Orders, Customer Interface, Bradley Pavilions, Bradley Stoke North, Bristol BS12 0BQ. Telephone credit orders and enquiries call (01454) 202515. Keep a note of this address/phone number before you send the form off. Despite her arse being magic, the lady with her foot on a chair may take up to 28 days to send your comics. Allow yourself at least 15 minutes to complete this order form. Do not hurry your answers. Plan them carefully before you attempt to tick any boxes. Use block capitals and keep the form as tidy as possible. A messy order form reflects badly on the mail order customer.

I enclose a cheque/postal order payable to John Brown Publishing Limited.

I have an agreement with a credit company whereby they pay for everything I buy. Here's my card number:

Expiry date _____ Card Type _____

Your name and address _____

Post Code _____

□ If Ryan Giggs grew a "Hitler" type tash he'd look like that bloke on the piano out of seventies group Sparks.

Jill W.
Manchester

□ How about a competition to find the Man United fan who lives furthest away from Old Trafford? I recently bumped into one in New Zealand. Doesn't get to many home games, but he told me that his dad's great grandad had been born within wanking distance of Old Trafford. He would know.

Michael Graham
(Geordie on tour)
Fitzyro Hamilton, N.Z.

□ On the subject of masturbation and Man United, the old adage "wanking makes you go blind" could explain United goalkeeper Peter Schmeichel's recent drop in form. "Making himself big" in front of so many opposing strikers, week in, week out, is evidently taking its toll on his eyesight. I'd imagine his cock is redder than his nose by now.

B. Regan
Edinburgh



□ How about a competition to find the ex Newcastle United manager who lives furthest from Newcastle? Sitting sipping Champagne by some sun drenched swimming pool while you sad bastards are left crying into your beer. Ha ha ha.

Man United fan
Bournemouth

□ Why don't you sad cunts stop having a go at each other over a poxy game of football. I mean who gives a fuck anyway. Do better things like fuck a woman you pricks.

AF5415 Hodgkinson
HMP Cardiff

Cobblers

□ How come nobody from Northampton ever writes in to Viz? Northampton is great, with shoe factories, and a thriving lift industry. Come on Northamptoners. Write to Viz and lets put our town back on the map.

Andy Bracken
Guilsborough, Northampton

□ On a topical (after your recent competition) note, I found this rather amusingly titled (but rather horrible tasting) chocolate bar whilst working in the Lebanon recently. Do I win £10?

Tony Howe
Istleworth



□ Regarding your Star Watch, I saw Rodney Bewes having a curry in the Sanrat Indian restaurant in Putney the other day. He was very polite to the waiters. Incidentally, I once sold an air conditioning unit to Leo Sayer. Do any readers know what became of him?

Ade
The Whyte Harte,
Bletchingley, Surrey

□ In reply to Ade (this issue), I saw Leo Sayer in 1990, wearing shorts and carrying a television, at the Canalot Studios office complex - a former chocolate factory - in Kensal Road, West London.

B.P.
London W1



* Details of any more recent sightings of Leo Sayer should be sent to our Star Watch address or E mailed to us at:
web@johnbrown.co.uk

□ In issue 80 Cliff Smith claims that the Official Lewis Collins Fan Club are conning cunts and that according to his dad, our photo which appeared in issue 79 was taken 17 years ago. Arse. Mr Smith is clearly the cunt of the piece. Our photos, another of which is enclosed (right) for Mr Smith's dad to scrutinise, was taken in June 1996 as the developing stamp on the reverse, and our contemporary nineties hair cuts, clearly prove.

We would not stoop so low

as to respond to the other

criticisms levelled at

Lewis. We remain his

loyal, faithful and official

fan club.

Lewis Collins Official Fan Club

No address given
(Probably a kennel somewhere in Essex)

□ My son has very good contacts in showbusiness, and may be able to get girls, aged 18 to 30, highly paid work as actresses and models. Any young girls interested should send a photo of herself, posing topless, to my son at the following address: OM2 David Woolley, D23438U (3P Mess), HMS Southampton, BFPO 389. Thanks.

Mr T. Woolley
Beeston, Notts.



□ I'd love to buff up Samantha Janus's bullethead, winnits, clinkers and the whole dangleberry shebang.

Paul Harvey
Salisbury, Wilts.

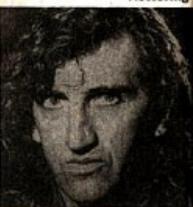
Sting a pong of sixpence

□ Apparently Sting's name derives from the fact that he used to wear a jumper with black and yellow hoops, which resembled a bee. Presumably if it had been a black jumper, with one white vertical stripe front and back, he would have resembled a skunk, and his nickname would have been "Smell". And how many records would he have sold then, eh?

A. G.
Chessington

□ On the subject of pretentious Geordie pop stars come actors with ludicrous names. Jimmy Nail (real name James Fontella Bingley) claims that he was given his unusual surname (originally "Jimmy the nail") after standing on a nail which got stuck in his foot. It's a good job he didn't stand in a dog turd, isn't it. Few people would have taken his acting and singing seriously had he been called Jimmy Dogshit.

N. B. Northwest Kettering



NOEL'S CUNT PARTY!

NOEL EDMONDS may be celebrating with a very special house party this weekend. For the bearded, elephant culling recipient of much of our television license fees has been named the winner of our Celebrity Cunt contest.

You nominated them, then you voted for them. And now we can name Britain's biggest celebrity cunts, in order of cunniness. It was a nail biting finish, with only three votes separating Noel in first place from 'Ooh Betty' TV funny man Michael Crawford. Jovial cockney jester Jim Davidson came third, just ahead of jovial Manchester United boss Alex Ferguson. Thank you all for your nominations, and for your votes, and for helping to make this the biggest celebrity cunt contest of all time. The full catalogue of cunts is as follows.



NOEL EDMONDS 44
MICHAEL CRAWFORD 41
JIM DAVIDSON 25
ALEX FERGUSON 23
PAULA YATES 21
CHRIS EVANS 20
GIANT HAYSTACKS 18
THE BLOKE OUT OF THE FUGEEES WHO SAYS "ONE TIME" 18

NIGEL MANSELL 18
GUY SINGER 17
TERRY WOGAN 16
MIKE REID 15
ELTON JOHN 14
RICHARD MADELEY 13
BRUNO BROOKES 12
KEITH CHEGWİN 12
PAUL DANIELS 10
LIONEL BLAIR 9
RONNIE CORBETT 8
BOB GELDOF 8
JEFF BANKS 7
JOHN LESLIE 7
ROBBIE COLTRANE 6
ROB NEWMAN 6
KEN DODD 6
BRIAN CLOUGH 6
PAUL WELLER 5
BASIL BRUSH 5

All the other celebrities who were nominated, none of whom polled more than 5 votes, are hereby found 'Not Cunny' and cleared of all accusations against them.

Variety is the spice of life

□ I just had to tell your readers what happened once. One day when I was having a shit the doobell rang. To my surprise it was the Spice Girls. They all agreed to let me shave their brains out. So I did. One at a time, and then all five at once. They were gagging for it. Even the one who wears a track suit and has smaller tits than Kylie Minogue. I'm not saying that even though the Spice Girls are famous, they still make time for their fans.

G. M. Kent

* Have you ever been shagged by an all girl combo? Write and tell us. There's a can of McEwans Scotch, a cigarette and a match for every letter printed.

□ Does Nottingham Forest striker Dean Saunders look the double of Sid the Sexist, or had I just had far too much to drink the other night?

Rich Hughes
Umbersley



* Too much to drink by the looks of it.

□ I'm in jail because I got pissed as a cunt and had a bit too much to say for myself. The judge didn't find it too amusing, and neither did I when I got 21 months. But I'm sorry. So how about letting some of the slappers out there know where the Stud of Brum is?

Max Roche
H.M.Prison
Winton Green

P.S. I'm an Aston Villa fan.

* Any slappers who want to write to a bloke who got as pissed as a cunt and had a bit too much to say for himself, and supports Aston Villa, write to: Max Roche, HV3652, HM Prison Winton Green, Birmingham B18 4AS.

□ Further to C. E. Maddison's reported sighting of Rory McGrath in Cambridge's Grafton Centre (issue 81). I live in Cambridge, and on a recent Sunday evening I spotted the unpredictable comic strolling on Midsummer Common with his kids in tow. He wore a T shirt with a picture of cow on it, with the words "Moo" across his chest, which I failed to find amusing.

Frankly, he looked like he'd been drinking.

David Benson
Cambridge

P.S. "Big Up" to the Science Park posse.

Twat in a hat

Let's hope that former East 17 singer Brian Harvey does not feel too disconsolate after heartless, hypocritical colleagues sacked him from the band for extolling the virtues of drug abuse. He should take a lead from the example of another pop star Brian - Jones - who was sacked from the Rolling Stones over thirty years ago. Rather than locking himself inside his mansion and feeling sorry for himself as Mr Harvey has done, Mr Jones went out and drowned in his swimming pool.

F. Zee
Chipping Sodbury

□ The people of the Romanian province of Moldovia take great exception to your cartoon in which 'Lord Raffles the Gentleman Thug' attacks the Moldovian Ambassador (issue 80). We have been invaded by Magyars, Romans, Turks, Russians, and we fought back the Germans in Moldavia at the battle of Marasesti. Perhaps Lord Raffles would care to visit our humble province? May I take this opportunity to invite his Lordship to honour us with his noble presence, that we may have the opportunity to bestow upon him a fucking good thrashing.

Larevedere Pentru & Ion Illescu

Presidente Populari
Romanian
Foscani, Romania

It's a snip

□ I need a haircut and some fags, but I'm skint. I don't believe in begging, and I don't expect others to help me unless I can help myself. So if someone gives me enough money to buy some fags and a pair of scissors, I'll cut my own hair. How does that sound?

H.B.
Welling, Kent

□ The reader who claimed to live opposite Jason Orange (issue 80) was talking bollocks. I go past Mr Orange's flat every day, and the building directly facing his is a museum. Mr Loughran is either an exhibit in the Science & Technology museum, or a lying bastard. Or he lives in an adjacent building, sort of in front of, but at an angle to, Mr Orange's.

D. Dog
Eccles, Manchester

□ Fancy a good night out? Then don't go to Berwick upon Tweed. I was out there on New Year's Eve. I nearly called the RSPCA, there was that many pigs and hounds staggering around half buried in inch thick make-up.

Robert Pants
Goswick



Berwick yesterday.

Fucking bastards

□ I'm fucking sick of ignorant, pushy, table sharing bastards who simply sit down at my table without being asked. Jesus Christ! If I wanted to share a table with fucking strangers I would go and live in Strangeways prison.

G. McKendrick
Glasgow

Viz Subscriptions

I'm Sally's big sister, I'm dirty, and I've been with sailors. I've locked Sally in her bedroom so I can do the subscriptions. Mmmmm. As you can see, I've already got my hands full, so could you lend a hand by licking my flaps, until they're all shiny and wet?

Envelope flaps that is. Then I'll take your organ firmly in my hand, and slide it slowly into my box. Post box is Six issues (a year's supply) costs £9.00 (or £12.50 overseas). 2 years (12 issues) costs £18.00 (or £24.80 overseas). Order a subscription using the form below. Hurry, and you'll get a FREE Viz T shirt - size large - just like my tits.



FREE T shirt

We're giving away a FREE VIZ T SHIRT to every new subscriber. Sizes L or XL and chosen at random from our warehouse. To get your free T shirt just order a subscription using the form below. You can use this form to order a subscription as a gift for someone else by using both sections. And if you'd like to receive more than one copy of each issue (at the same address) each extra copy costs £6.00 per year (or £7.00 overseas).

Dear Sally's big sister, who is dirty, Please send me a subscription starting issue to be sent to:

Name.....

Address.....

Post Code.....

If you are ordering a subscription for someone else fill in their name and address above, and your own details below. If it's just for you, fill in the bit above, then skip the next bit and go straight on to the bit about money.

My name

Address.....

Post Code.....

The bit about money. Tick one box only:

I enclose a cheque/PO for £ crossed and made payable to John Brown Publishing Limited.

Please debit my Access/Visa/Mastercard/Eurocard American Express/Diners Club/Connect card

Card No.....

Expiry date

Send this form together with any cheque or postal order to: Sally's Big Sister, Viz Subs, FREEPOST (SW5096), Bristol, BS12 0BR.
No stamp required if posted in the UK.

You can ring our subs hotline - and boy, do we mean hot - on (01454) 202515.

(We regret that the girl in the picture will not be available to take your calls and the only subject which can be discussed is telephone credit card or postal subscriptions to Viz.)

Tick here if you'd like us to hawk your name and address around various dodgy mail order companies so that they can bombard you with shit, and we get 50p for every million names we give them.

Tick here if you want Sally's sister to rub your comic on her tits.



Continues...★

AUSTRALIAN SUBSCRIPTIONS

...continued

Deayton walnut cake

□ 'Have I Got News For You' should be renamed 'Am I A Short Arsed Cunt' after Angus Deayton's comical appearance on a Sky TV football awards show recently. He waddled onto the stage like a stunted pigmy, and was a good two feet shorter than the host Anna Walker. Sitting smugly behind his quiz master's desk, narrow headed Mr Deayton kids his fans that he is of above average height. Now that his true height - about 4 feet 8 inches - has been revealed, I for one shall no longer be watching the show.

D. M. F. Murder
Berking



□ I spotted Lovejoy actor Ian McShane having his breakfast in a posh hotel the other day. Either he's shrunk, or the BBC have been conning us for years. The man is covered in wrinkles, and is barely four feet tall! As licence payers my wife and I were incensed. What gives the BBC the right to con viewers into thinking that trumped up pensionable age circus dwarfs like Mr McShane are attractive middle aged men of average height?

T. Birds
Notting Hill

IT'S BRITAIN'S BIGGEST TITCH HUNT

Are we being short changed by short arsed celebrities?

On the strength of the two letters of the left, we believe so. So we're launching a TV *titch hunt* to expose the secrets of Britain's stunted stars. Let us first say that we have no quarrel with the likes of Wayne Sleep, Don Estelle and Ronnie Corbett - stars who have come clean about their genetically unavoidable lack of inches. No. Our beef is with the TV tricksters who use the blinding spell of television to con their simple public into believing they are taller than they actually are. *They have betrayed you.* Now we want you to betray them.

SHOP A SHORTY

We want you to shop a shorty star and put him in our pocket. To become one of our 'Titch Finder Generals', simply cut out and assemble the Celebrity Yardslick below, then hang around outside celebrity haunts such as Stringfellow's. When a stunted star emerges snap a picture, dangling the yardstick alongside them to prove how short they really are. Send your snaps to 'Shop a Shorty Star', Viz, P.O.Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT. We're offering a £25 cash bounty on the head of every celebrity you expose.

The price is right

□ I have in front of me a copy of 'Stepping Out' magazine, published in Newcastle in 1983, featuring an interview with the men behind *Viz* comic. And I quote.

"The reason it costs 30p is

cos we can only sell 2,500.

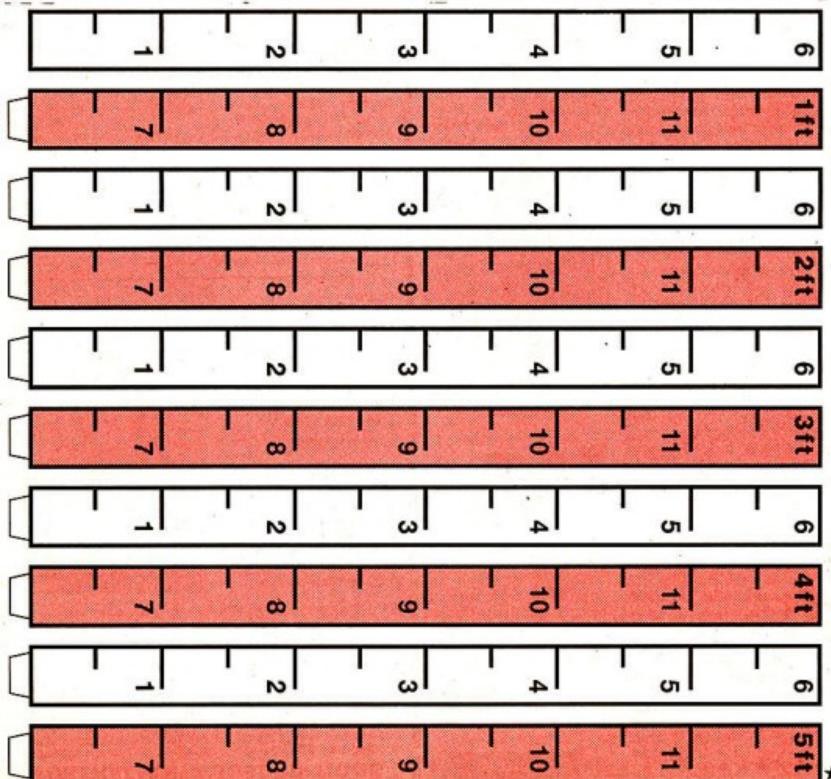
If we could sell 10,000 it would be about 15p. It gets much cheaper to produce the more you print."

Well then. According to that principle, now that you print over half a million each copy should cost less than a penny. So how come this issue costs £1.50?

Graeme Wood
Bishop Auckland

* Unfortunately in recent years the price of wood pulp has increased considerably due to the wage demands of greedy lumberjacks. Ink has also quadrupled in price due to a world Octopus shortage. We do endeavour to keep the cost of *Viz* as low as possible, but occasional increases must be passed on to the readers.

FREE SELF ASSEMBLY CELEBRITY YARD STICK



□ Your correspondent Greg Bell (travelling east on the M25 approaching the South Mimms round-about, issue 81) should take the third exit. The first is for Hatfield and the North, the second is a BP garage and map emporium, and the next one is the one he wants for Cockfosters. I am a traffic policeman, and only too happy to be of assistance on these occasions.

Phil the Bill Hayes

P.S. Has he had anything to drink today sir?

□ On returning home from work one day I was delighted to notice that my wife's bright ginger hair had turned blonde. "Thank goodness you've had your hair dyed," I said. "I always hated that ginger mop." Imagine my embarrassment when she pulled a yellow headscarf from her head to reveal her mass of ginger frizz still intact. Needless to say I spent the rest of the evening in the dog house.

N. Variety
Drightlington, West Yorks.

Garry Bluto

Soap tits are a load of wank

IS IT JUST ME, OR ARE THE KNOCKERS ON BRITISH SOAPS GETTING SMALLER?

It used to be the plots that were flat. Now it's the tits. You see more shapely jugs watching the Antiques Roadshow.

Never mind the four days a week soap. Every day is pancake Tuesday on Coronation Street. It's got more spaniel's ears than Crufts. Who wants to watch fried eggs when they're serving bouncing beach balls over on Baywatch.

Okay, Pamela Anderson's assets may be plastic. But try telling that to my trouser snake at 5.30 on a Saturday evening!

Garry's Poof

GRANT in Eastenders was in the launderette telling Dot what to do with his washing when he goofed: "Stick it in my car", he said. (He didn't pronounce the 'C' very clearly, and so it sounded a bit like "Stick it in my arse".)

Perhaps the launderette should offer Grant a special shirt lifting service from now on!

Terry Thick of Grantham wins £25 and a copy of Fiesta for that. Well done Terry.

Send YOUR howlers, preferably based on anal innuendo, to Garry's Poofs, The Sun, 1 Holborn Street, London E1.



I don't fancy yours much

DID you see the gorgeous SHARON STONE talking to RUBY WAX the other night? Talk about beauty and the beast! I didn't know whether to turn off or tug myself off!

Fancy a toss up between those two? I would. Sharon's Stone's tits that is! But seriously, it was nice to see a Hollywood star without the make-up, and looking none the worse for it. Sadly no flash of her quim this time though.

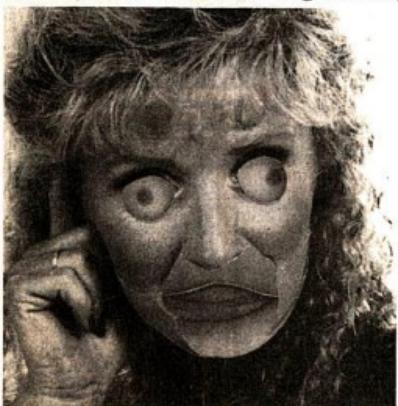
Even at 38, sexy Shazza can still hold her own. She has to, cos no-one else will hold them for her! Mind, is it any wonder she's still single when she's hanging around with sea monsters like Miss Wax? She's got more chance of getting chatted up by Stephen Hawking during a power cut than she has of scoring with that tug boat in tow. I don't know which is bigger - Miss Wax's arse or her mouth. Not that it matters. You wouldn't catch my cock within a mile of either entrance! I'd rather shag the Channel Tunnel while its on fire. Or stick my knob in a Scottish 'E coli' infected bacon slicer.

PLACE THE MINGE FACE

AND QU-WIN A £££MILLION!!

How's twat for a pair of smackers?! This mystery star is a sight for phoar eyes! Cos we've replaced hers with tits. She's also frothing at the mouth, since we swapped her mush for a bush! Fanny batter wouldn't melt in her mouth - quite cliterally! And that's one gash on her face that her husband Jim didn't give her! Don't labia over it too long; if you haven't got it yet, here's one final clue. Lizzie's dripping at the mouth. With her new sexy features, she's a real Coronation treat for the fellas. But who is she?

When you've worked it out, go into your local all night garage at 1.00am next Saturday morning. Show her to the man in the booth excitedly, and tell him who it is. You'll have to shout loud so he can hear you. And he'll give you a million pounds!



As for Miss Stone - now that's a different Show me a video of Basic Instinct, and I'll show you a wallpaper paste factory in my trousers!

A BRIDGE TOO FAR FOR JACKO

MICHAEL Jackson's has shelved plans to buy a bridge in Scotland after lawyers blocked the star's plans to sit under it and ask people "Who goes there?"

Wacko Jacko has always wanted to be a troll, and last month the millionaire star issued estate agents with a 'find me a bridge I can live under' ultimatum. Within days they had located the ideal bridge over a disused railway line in Scotland, England. Pictures of the stone bridge were sent back to California where Jacko 'fell in love' with it at first sight.

GOATS

But mean Scots lawyers appear to have torpedoed the deal by refusing Jackson the right to stop Billy Goats as they crossed the bridge, in order to ask them "Who goes there?" Rennie McSpoons of leading Edinburgh law firm McSpoons, Crawford & Oatcake explained that a covenant on the bridge dating back over a hundred years allows farmers 'unhindered access' to an adjoining field.

Troll dream ends after goat dispute

"Even though the bridge has been out of use for many years a legal right of way remains, and any purchaser would have to comply with that should the owner of the adjoining field wish to cross the bridge at any time in the future".

TOGAS

A spokesman for Jackson's legal team denied that the singer had any intention of stopping people from using the bridge.

"Trolls do not stop people



from crossing a bridge. They merely enquire 'Who goes there?' It's a traditional thing, and as the owner of the bridge Michael should be able to do that."

SOGAT

Mr McSpoons said the owner's legal requirements were quite clear, and that behaving like a troll would constitute a breach of contract. "If a new owner were to sit beneath the bridge and ask people 'Who goes there?' that enquiry would in itself constitute a form of hindrance, regardless of

whether or not Mr Jackson subsequently allowed them to cross."

NALGO

Yesterday the situation appeared to have reached a stalemate and Jackson was said to be switching his attention to mainland Europe where he is rumoured to have been looking at windmills in old Amsterdam. Jackson wants to start a family, and is keen to bring his children up in a windmill environment, dressed as mice, with clogs on, going 'clip clipety clop' on the stairs.

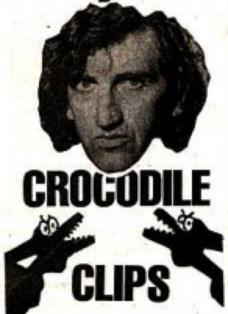
Only in AMERICA

*A Californian woman has sued her four month old baby for shitting its nappy. A court found in favour of mother of three Irene Saskwatchwanan, and awarded record damages of \$2.8 million for olfactory distress.

*A New York man who put his sock on upside down after drinking beer the previous night has sued the brewery for the mental anguish caused by the odd feeling of having his sock on upside down. Joe Pescananachicciono claimed that he felt 'quite peculiar' for several seconds until he was able to remove the sock.

*Firemen were called to a New York apartment block after a woman weighing 2,800 tons suffered an explosion of the colon. Maria Peconastostatini, 45, had not left the building in 30 years, and had expanded to such a size that her body entirely occupied three floors of the block.

Jimmy Nail's



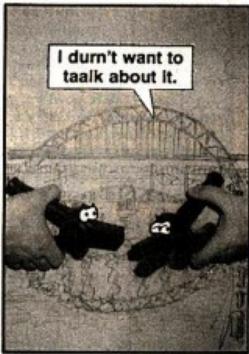
CROCODILE CLIPS



Summik's botherin' you man, isn't it, Jed?



She's left us, man.



Written and directed by
JIMMY NAIL

From an original idea by
JIMMY NAIL

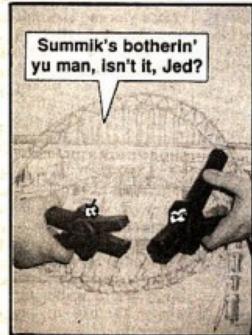
Script Editor
JIMMY NAIL

Additional Material by
JIMMY NAIL

Crocodile Clips
Operated by
JIMMY NAIL

Set Design
and Lighting by
JIMMY NAIL

A Jimmy Nail Production
Copyright Jimmy Nail 1997



GIRLS. Stab a centipede up the arse with a cocktail stick. Hey presto! An inexpensive mascara brush.

Kim Spickett
New Malden

FROZEN chips forced into the air vents of your car provide instant and inexpensive air conditioning during the summer months.

J.T.
Northumberland

HALF fill the tyres of your car with milk and a little salt before setting off on picnics. When you arrive, hey presto! Lashings of freshly churned butter for your scones.

J.T.
Rothbury

HOUSEWIVES. Why waste time and energy mashing potatoes? Simply place a large spud under each of hubby's car tyres last thing at night. When he drives off to work in the morning, hey presto. Instant mash.

Y. Shepherd
Liverpool

PISSED your trousers again? Pop them in the microwave for thirty seconds. Hey presto. They're lovely and warm.

Daryl Maitland
Cambridge

UNDER age kids. Can't get served in the pub? Simply eat 20 apples and half a bag of sugar then sit back and eat nothing for two weeks. Hey presto! The contents of your stomach will have fermented into a belly full of cider, and you'll be instantly hammered.

Dave Harrison
Hounslow

PLANT a cotton bud upright in the sand at the bottom of your fish tank to enable your goldfish to wipe its arse.

H. Noon
Okay Coral



A RECORDING of Alan Ball's voice, played at high speed, makes an ideal dog whistle.

Robert Hand
New Malden, Surrey

SELLOTAPE a whelk onto a slug's back to cause confusion amongst harmful snails.

Francis 'Tony' Mahoney
Burnage

Top Tips

There's a Top Tips pen, a Milky Way, pair of socks plus a year's subscription to Viz for every tip we print. Write to Top Tips, Viz, P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE9 1PT. Or E mail to: web@johnbrown.co.uk

PREVENT 'splash back' next time you pass a loose stool by first pouring used engine oil into the lavatory. This is far more efficient - and less expensive - than the traditional method of filling the bowl with toilet paper.

Terry Odgers
Blairgowrie

AFTER losing a game of pool in the pub stumble away from the table as if you are drunk, making the winner think he won not because of his superior skill, but because of your bad drinking habits.

Peter Kovacs
Brentford

DOMESTOS is an ideal substitute for Blue Curacao, and far less pricey. It gives any cocktail a bit of 'oomph'.

James Francis
East Glamorgan
Hospital

AIR travellers. Don't be ripped off by airlines. Take full advantage of your baggage allowance by weighing your packed cases, and making them up to a total of 44 kilos using bricks or sand bags as ballast.

Bob Carter
London

IF a loved one takes seriously ill, slip flower seeds into their food. After they have passed away, ask the undertaker to pop a selection of bulbs into their pockets before burial. In due course your loved one will begin to sprout their own floral display, saving you the expense of having to renew the wilting flowers on their grave.

Simon Ford
Portsmouth

WHILST in bed protect yourself from vampires and werewolves by hiding under the covers.

Charles Holley
Newcastle

MOORES Furniture Group of Wetherby. Don't employ anyone with more than four brain cells. They might rock the boat.

L.K.
Yorkshire

FREE stickers given away by independent radio stations are ideal for removing dog hair from carpets.

Paul McArdle
Welling, Kent

WHEN supermarket shopping remove the sticky label from a banana which shows its place of origin and attach it to your lapel. Then, as you leave the store and are confronted by old people shaking collection tins, simply point at the sticker, smile and say "Already got one thanks".

Kevin Gainford
Ashford, Middlesex

FOOL family and friends into thinking you are moonlighting as a black and white minstrel by smearing black shoe polish behind your ears.

Mammy Spencer
Bath

MAN. UNITED fans. Support Germany in the next World Cup. They're dirty, whining bastards, and they usually win.

Mike Whatmore
Caythorpe, Notts.

A BOOMERANG makes an ideal shoe tree for a pair of socks. And it's cheaper too.

C. Heston
Big Country

ROUND the world sailors. Eat polystyrene ceiling tiles instead of toast for breakfast. This 'internal life jacket' will provide added buoyancy when your boat sinks.

B. Ives
Big Country

PRACTISE for pancake day by tossing a wet dish cloth in a cold frying pan.

N.E. Thing
Withchips



PREVENT ice forming on your garden pond overnight by floating a hamster in an exercise ball on it last thing at night. The vigorous exercise required by the hamster to maintain its body temperature and prevent it freezing to death will agitate the water sufficiently to ensure that the surface of the pond remains ice free come the morning.

John Tait
Thronton

STUDENTS. Make 'dum dum tomatoes' by cutting a small cross in the top before hurling them at Tory ministers.

P. Soup
Fourstarters

TREAT woodworm in furniture without the use of dangerous toxic chemicals. Simply saw it into pieces small enough to fit into a microwave, then microwave each piece for 30 seconds at full power (based on a 750 watt oven). This will kill all the woodworm. Then stick it back together with glue.

Noel Armstrong
Lancaster

BUSINESS executives. Combine trips to the loo for a pee with a couple of farts and a wank. This "multi-tasking" will result in a more cost effective and efficient use of your valuable time.

G. Bell
Wood Green, London

LIVE!

EXPLICIT KITCHEN TALK!

"I've pre-heated the oven to 200 (Gas mark 6)"
0000 994 403

CHEF

X
CHANGE

"That soufflé should be done by now!"
0000 994 404

"I've wanked in the soup!" 0000 994 405

**Not live. All callers must be chefs aged 18 or over. Calls terminate on the Moon.*

PREMIER Knit-Line!

No waffle! You're straight into the HARD knitting talk!

Oh, dear me! I've dr*pp*ed a st*tch!

0000 994 403

Don't worry. He'll grow into it

0000 994 405

I'm knitting a woolly h*t!

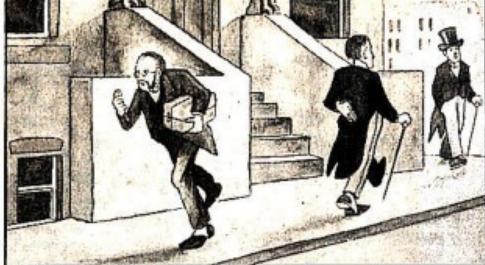
0000 994 404

Over 18's only. A Service of Womstall International, PO Box 88, The Sahara Desert. Your home is at risk if you do not keep up payments on a previous rate phone-call.



The DOCTOR **MARTIN BOOT** STORY

IN a forgotten corner of a Millwall cemetery stands the statue of a young physician holding a pair of aggro-boots. Who is he, what is the significance of the boots, and why is he remembered in this forgotten corner. To answer these questions, we must travel back in time to 1889, to the cold and foggy streets of Victorian London.



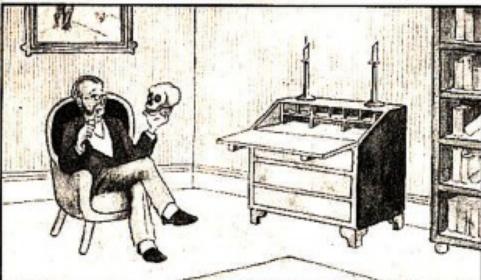
DOCTOR Martin Boot, a newly qualified chiropodist was late for an important appointment with the Duke of Clarence. "Oh, confound it! The Duke will be furious if I don't deliver his new brothel creepers before nightfall!" he cried, and in desperation to make haste, took a short cut through a foggy back alley.



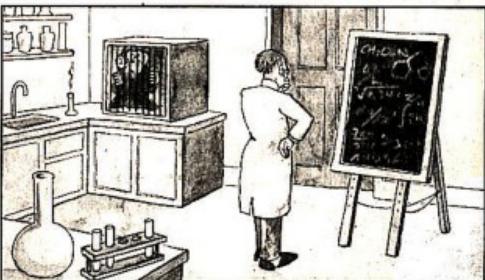
OF a sudden he heard a commotion, and running to investigate, saw a crowd gathered about two men who were brawling. "Great! A fight!" he exclaimed, and quickly joined the excited crowd. The rivals punched and kicked for all they were worth, but all too quickly the fight was over as the loser fell, bloodied and bruised, to the floor.



DOCTOR Boot gently cradled the vanquished man's head in his arms as his life slipped away. "Oh, what a terrible thing to happen" he thought to himself. "I was part of that baying, bloodthirsty crowd. I encouraged this man to fight, and I was enjoying the spectacle. Now, not two minutes later, he lies dead." The doctor hung his head. "Frankly, I feel sort changed."



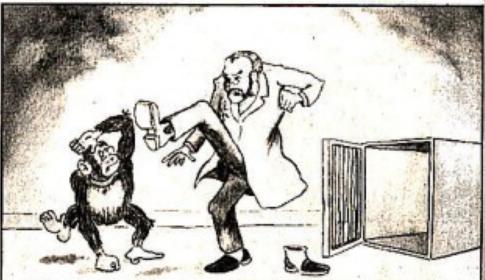
THAT evening in his study, he sat and pondered on the day's events. "The human skull cannot stand prolonged kicking from these old fashioned hobnail boots" he mused. "If only there were a boot as sturdy, but with a more forgiving sole, allowing a fellow to kick someone's fucking head in for longer." There and then, he decided to develop such a boot.



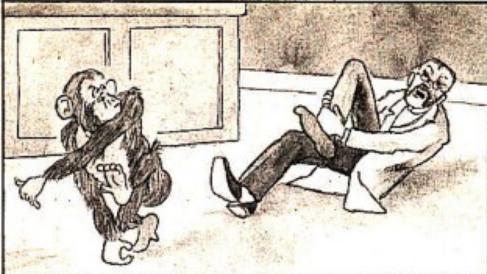
IN his laboratory the next day, Dr. Boot set about his quest to design the footwear that would revolutionise street fighting and take hooliganism into the next century. After a few hours thought, he decided to experiment with the idea of introducing an air pocket into a rubberised sole, thus producing a cushioning effect between boot and head.



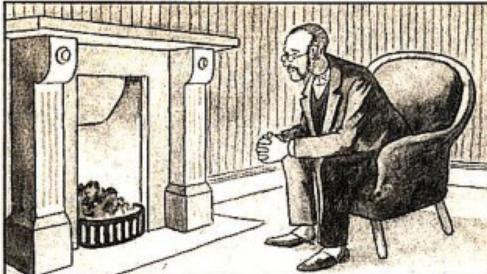
WORKING single-mindedly for weeks on end, Dr. Boot experimented with many substances in pursuit of his goal. After countless unsuccessful efforts, he eventually produced a bouncing elastic compound for the sole. Soon afterwards, a prototype slip-on Aggro boot with elasticated sides was ready to be tested.



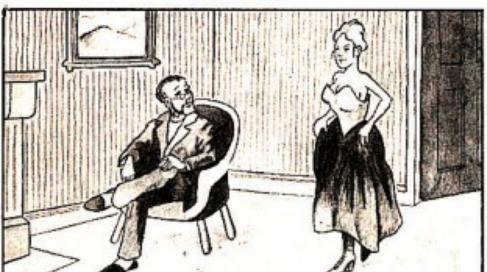
THE new boot proved to be better than Dr. Boot thought. It passed initial stamping tests on laboratory rats and mice with flying colours. "Excellent. Now to really put it through its paces by kicking this chimpanzee's fucking head in," said the Doctor as he got stuck in to the hapless animal.



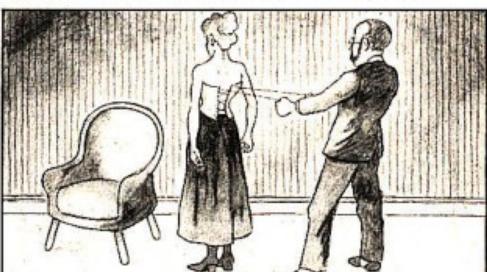
BUT disaster struck after only two good wellies to the side of the monkey's face. "Arrrgh!" Boot yelled, and a sudden searing pain up his calf told him that he had twisted his ankle. Simultaneously, the prototype boot flew from his foot, upsetting a bottle of leeches on the far side of the laboratory.



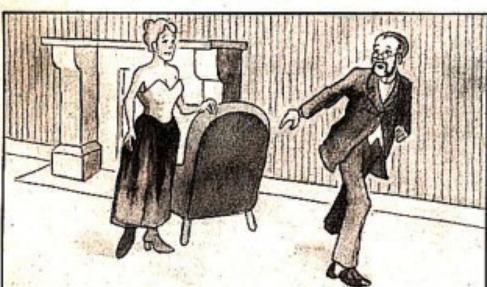
UNDETERRED by this setback, the Doctor continued his painstaking research over the following months. But with each successive prototype he was beset by the same problem, either he twisted his ankle or the boot came off. The catalogue of failure took its toll on Boot's spirit and he began to despair of achieving his dream.



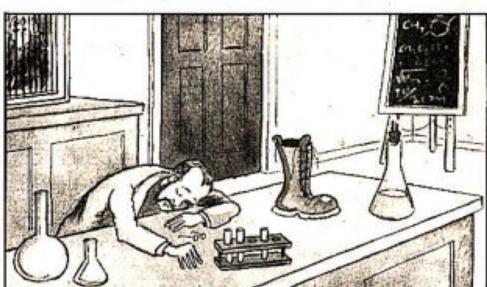
BUT it's always darkest just before the dawn, and the history of shoes is littered with bizarre coincidence. And Boot's story was to prove no exception. "Do hurry up, Martin dear," said his wife, suddenly entering the study. "We're going to be late for the theatre and I need you to help me do up my Victorian corsets."



AS he pulled on the röpes of his wife's whalebone corset, inspiration struck the doctor like a bolt of lightning. "That's it! Corsets!" he shouted, and suddenly, everything became clear! Slip-on boots were not the answer. "What is needed is a tightly laced boot extending half way up the calf!" he yelled.



LEAVING his bemused wife half corseted, Dr. Boot fled from the study in a state of great excitement. "I have no time for the theatre, my dear!" he announced. "I intend to work feverishly through the night on a new creation, ignoring all pleas to rest or take food." And with that, he disappeared into his laboratory.



FOR two days and nights the doctor worked like a man possessed in single-minded pursuit of his goal. Eventually, his work complete, he fell exhausted into a deep sleep. He had given all he had to give. He awoke the next day and looked at his new twenty lace hole boot. It was ready to be tested.



DONNING his boot, the doctor set about the chimpanzee in a frenzied attack. "Stitch that hairy bastard!" he screamed as he kicked and he kicked and he kicked. He kicked the chimp's fucking head in for over forty five minutes before it finally lapsed into unconsciousness and died. The new boot was a complete success.



AND so it was that the new 'Patent Botheration Boot' came about and sold in its millions to a fight hungry Victorian public. The history of street brawling and aggravation was to change forever in its wake. But it may all have been very different, had a Victorian lady not entered her husband's study in her corsets.

NOBBY'S PILES

WELL, MR. PILES, I'M PLEASED TO TELL YOU THAT YOUR HAZARDOUS ARE COMPLETELY CURED!

OH, THAT'S WONDERFUL, ISN'T IT DEAR...

...AND WHAT BETTER WAY TO CELEBRATE THAN WITH YOUR FOLK'S FAVORITE ROCK-UD-THE-ARGE IN THIRTY-FIVE YEARS!

HERE'S PETER-HOT SHOT LORRIMER IN SOME SWISS PICKERS. HE'S GOING TO PUSH YOU UP THE TRAVERSINES AS HARD AS HE CAN!

NOBBY!?



I'M TERRIBLE SORRY - I THOUGHT YOU WERE BOBBY PILES...

...I'M AFRAID YOUR BUM-GRAPES ARE WORSE THAN EVER! THEY'RE HANGING OUT THE CLOTHESLINE ON A BALLOON FULL OF CONKERS.

WAITING ROOM
HOOF!

AAARGH!
ME JACKSEE!

COME ON, LADY.
WE'LL TAKE YOU TO A TOP SWISS
PILE CLINIC - AND GET YOU
THE BEST TREATMENT
MONEY CAN BUY.

IN SWITZERLAND...

OH, NO, NOBBY! DON'T LEAVE THE
MAP. HOW TO GET TO THE CHAIR
COULD YOU BEND OVER AND PICK IT
UP FOR ME, PLEASE?

ERM... YEAH...



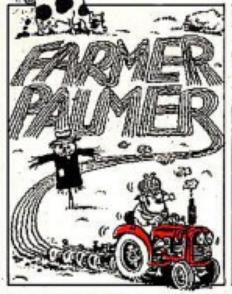
WHACK!

OH NO! JUST MY LUCK. IT'S
SHOOTY CRACKERS - MULTI-EVEREST
CLIMB FAILURES ACTOR BRIAN
BLESSED AND HE'S
DRIVING A CAR.
THROUGH MY MAMMY'S SMILES.



SHOUT!

<p





- READER'S VOICE

We've Got a Puritan

Mr & Mrs Dudley were the unlikeliest couple in Barrow. Mr Dudley had won a Platinum in a raffle.



MORE PURITANICAL TIT FEELERY-THWARTERY NEXT TIME!

SPOT THE CLUE
WITH
THE BODY SHOPS
ANITA RODDICK

AS A BUSY BEAUTY EXPERT FOR THE FIRM OF REV. ARTHUR PEDESTAL AND HIS WIFE, MRS PEDESTAL

THE SCENE IS ST MICHAEL'S VICARAGE, HOME OF REV. ARTHUR PEDESTAL AND HIS WIFE, MRS PEDESTAL

IT'S THE ARCHBISHOP TO SEE YOU, DEAR

I'VE FILLED MY ARCHBISHOP'S HAT WITH OREGANO, TABLE SALT, AND DRILLED HOLES IN THE TOP

YOU SEE? I HAVE TRANSFORMED MYSELF INTO A HUMAN SALT CELLAR

DOM ARCHBISHOP - THIS ANONYMOUS BETTER HITS JUST ARRIVED FOR YOU

WHAT TH-

PERHAPS YOU'D BETTER HEED THE WARNING ARCHBISHOP - THEY COULD MEAN BUSINESS!

NOW WHY DON'T YOU FIX US EACH A DECENT WHIPE? I SALT THESE CANAPÉS

I AM NOW A COMBINED ARCHBISHOP AND CONJUGATE DISPENSER - THIS WILL REVOLUTIONISE THE IMAGE OF THE CHURCH IN BRITAIN TODAY!

MOMENTS LATER THE LIGHTS REURNED

INSPECTOR SMITH OF SCOTLAND YARD WAS SHORTLY ON THE SCENE

AND WHERE WERE YOU AT THIS TIME, MRS PEDESTAL?

I WAS SEATED AT MY DRESSING TABLE TAKING A FEW MINUTES TO TOUGH UP MY MAKE UP

SUDDENLY THE ROOM PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS AND A SHOT RANG OUT

GREAT SCOTT! THE ARCHBISHOP'S BEEN MURDERED!

I RESUME YOU DID NOT CATCH A GLIMPSE OF THE KILLER AS IT ALL OCCURRED IN PITCH DARKNESS, REVEREND.

I'VE ALWAYS TAKEN CARE OF MY APPAREL, INSPECTOR. I DON'T LIKE TO LOOK MY BEST FOR THE ARCHBISHOP...

BANG!

I'D BETTER CALL THE POLICE

THAT'S CORRECT, INSPECTOR. BUT MY WIFE MAY HAVE SEEN SOMETHING

IN MY BEDROOM JUST ACROSS THE HALL...

WHAT ON EARTH?

LOOKS LIKE THE KILLER ESCAPED UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS, INSPECTOR

YOU MURDERED THE ARCHBISHOP, MRS PEDESTAL!

GOOD LORD! MY CELLAR HAS BEEN CONVERTED INTO A SCIENTIFIC LABORATORY

"SUDENLY I SAW REFLECTED IN THE MIRROR THE FIGURE OF A MAN CREEPING DOWN THE HALL TOWARDS THE DRAWING ROOM."

THAT WAS WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT AND I HEARD THE GUNSHOT

AND I BELIEVE WE SHALL FIND THE EVIDENCE DOWN IN THE CELLAR

YES, REVEREND PEDESTAL, YOUR WIFE IS AN INNOCENT SCIENTIST, WHO HAS USED HER TWISTED GENIUS TO CREATE A GIANT SLUG AND BRING IT TO LIFE!

THAT WAS WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT AND I HEARD THE GUNSHOT

MAYBE NOT, REVEREND

IT'S A FAIR COP I ONLY WANTED TO CREATE A GIANT SLUG AND BRING IT TO LIFE

ANITA RODDICK SAYS DID YOU SPOT THE CLUE?

BUT SHE WAS TERRIFIED THAT THE ARCHBISHOP WOULD DESTROY HER UNFINISHED CREATION BY SPRINKLING SALT ON IT

LATER, TELL ME, INSPECTOR - HOW DID YOU COME TO SUSPECT MY WIFE IN THE FIRST PLACE?

HER STORY SIMPLY DIDN'T ADD UP, REVEREND

FAR FROM MAKING THE MOST OF HER LOOKS, MRS PEDESTAL HAD RATHER LET HERSELF GO

SO SHE WAS FORCED TO SHOOT HIM WITH A GUN

I HEREBY ARREST YOU FOR MEDDLING WITH POWERS THAT MAN WAS NEVER MEANT TO MIDDLE WITH

HER STORY SIMPLY DIDN'T ADD UP, REVEREND

TO KEEP LOOKING GOOD ALL DAY LONG, SHE SHOULD HAVE TAKEN A DAB OF ONE OR MORE OF THESE SATISFYING CREAMS, SUCH AS MAY LAUGHS EXTRA PERFORMANCE, PRICED £9.50 FROM ALL GOOD CHEMISTS

SO SHE WAS FORCED TO SHOOT HIM WITH A GUN

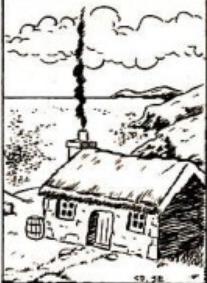
IT'S THE ARCHBISHOP THIS IS UNTRUE

HER STORY SIMPLY DIDN'T ADD UP, REVEREND

TO KEEP LOOKING GOOD ALL DAY LONG, SHE SHOULD HAVE TAKEN A DAB OF ONE OR MORE OF THESE SATISFYING CREAMS, SUCH AS MAY LAUGHS EXTRA PERFORMANCE, PRICED £9.50 FROM ALL GOOD CHEMISTS

Jack Black and his dog Silver in *Adventure* The CUCKOO Mystery

Summer was here yet again and Jack Black and his dog Silver were staying at Aunt Meg's croft on the remote Hebridean Island of Bra.



During the war, there was an army P.O.W. camp here on the island. Fritz Muller was a German prisoner who was held there. He made the time pass by making toys for local children, and when the war was over he decided to stay. Now he runs a clock repair shop in the village.



That morning Jack headed straight down to the village to investigate...



But I like the brave British ones, like my uncle Tom, The kind who win wars! Not cowards Krauts! Stuff your silly toy!



Later that morning Jack strolled along the cliffs to the old abandoned prison of war camp where German soldiers had once been held.



That night, after a tiring day of investigation, Jack tucked into a hearty British tea of home-made sausages, mashed potato and chips.



I'm sure it was here on the window sill, but I can't seem to find it anywhere. What a nuisance. Where can it be?



Half an hour later Jack and the local bobby lay in wait in the darkness of the old army camp...

So, what is it that we're waiting for, eh Jack?

Never mind that. Just aim your gun at that door and get ready to fire.

Seconds later the door swing slowly open, and in walked the shadowy figure of Mr Muller, the German clock repairer.

BANG!!

Uuunghhh

Fire!

There was a blinding flash and Muller was thrown backwards in a cloud of gunsmoke

Well Jack, perhaps now you can tell me what this all about

What have you found Silver?

Wooff wooff

I think you'll find all this jewelry has been stolen recently from Mr Muller's customers!

So... he was a thief, eh?

Worse than that I'm afraid. Muller was an evil Nazi whose cuckoo clocks were the covertness of an international gold smuggling operation

"He used his toy making talents to make tiny, clockwork cuckoos which flew out of their clocks at night and stole items of gold jewelry while their owners slept."

He then brought it here, the ideal place to melt it down and turn Nazi gold, using this old stove as a furnace

Mmm. I see. But what did he do with the gold after that?

"Well, even cowardly Germans wouldn't spend the entire war making toys. I knew they must have dug a tunnel somewhere."

"It was beneath the stove of course. And every night Muller used it to smuggle more Nazi gold down to the beach."

"Under cover of darkness the gold was then picked up by a 'U' boat and shipped off to Brazil where it was used to pay for plastic surgery for top ranking Nazi war criminals requiring new identities"

The following morning...

I tipped off the Navy about the 'U' boat, Jack. They sank it this morning, killing all on board

That's marvelous news

Yes, so I think that's the last we'll hear from the Nazi gold smugglers!

Yes, and I don't think we'll be hearing any more from our thieving mechanical Nazi cuckoo effin'

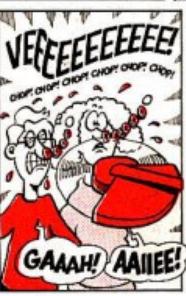
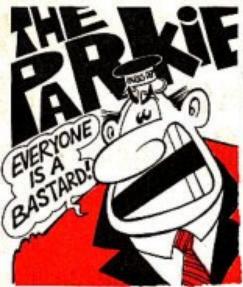
Ha ha ha ha ha

Ho ho ho

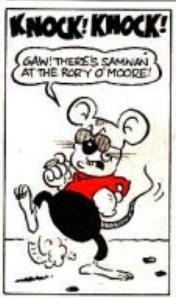
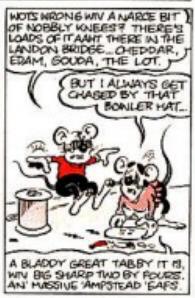
Ruff Ruff!

Gnarr!

The End



COCKNEY WANKER



The Experience of a Lifetime



15 DAYS: 29 APRIL - 13 MAY 1997

MON 29th APRIL Drive to Hull in beige Morris Marina which has done 412 miles since new.
TUES 30th Morning sitting on boat whilst they try to start the engines **WED 1st** **MAY** Arrive at Goole for visit to Copper Kettle Tea Rooms where Tupperware will be on sale. **THURS 2nd** Arrive Grimsby. Minibus excursion to Tetney Post Office to pick up pensions. **FRI 3rd** Morning rounding Spurn Head. **SAT 4th** At sea. **SUN 5th** At sea. Ship springs diesel leak. **MON 6th** Drifting helplessly in the Hull-Oslo Ferry lane. Spectacular early morning near miss with Copenhagen Ferry. **TUES 7th** Arrive Redcar. Disembark for non-optional Quayside

Cruise in style amidst a sea of Tupperware on the Tupperware Viking's maiden voyage

The quest for the dream holiday for lovers of practical, stylish and economical kitchen storage ends aboard the Tupperware Viking. As you enter the twilight of your life, Twilight Years Cruises Company present a once in a lifetime golden opportunity to set sail on that luxury cruise you've always dreamed of, as we invite you to shuffle aboard our magnificently converted factory ship for her maiden voyage around the Humber estuary, discovering new worlds of Tupperware.

TAKE YOUR ENFEEBLED MIND ON A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY

Your holiday begins at Hull docks, where you'll be given a cup of tea and a nice sit down. The staff and crew of the Tupperware Viking will be there to help you with the stairs when it's time to board the floating five star hotel that is to be your home for the next two weeks.

You'll feel instantly at home in your cosy, windowless cabin, thoughtfully ensconced deep in the bowels of the ship, close to the warmth and comforting drone of the engine room.

RELAX IN THE COMFORT AND STYLE OF A BYGONE AGE

Time has little meaning aboard the Tupperware Viking. Your days are your own, whether you choose to spend them in the ship's own tea room, or relaxing under a tarpaulin on the sleet deck, drinking in the magnificent vistas of the North Sea. The ship has been specially designed with the mature passenger in mind. For instance, no matter where you are, you're never more than 50 metres from a lavatory.

There's even a coroner on board to ensure that the death of a loved one need not mean the end of your holiday. Burials at sea can be

arranged with an absolute minimum of fuss and paperwork.

BUT MOST OF ALL, THERE'S THE TUPPERWARE

Each new dawn will bring a myriad of exciting Tupperware activities to choose from. The ship's Tupperware shop is open 24 hours a day for the sale of your favourite modular freezer-safe plastics at rock bottom prices. There's regular Tupperware displays and exhibitions, and our eminent speakers will guide you through an enlightening journey of Tupperware discovery. There's also a convenient trolley service, allowing you to buy Tupperware in the comfort of your own cabin.

WE'LL ENTERTAIN YOU IN BODY AND MIND

On the cruise will be Professor Abel J. Cribb, former Principal Tupperwareologist at Bournemouth Kellogg's University, who will share his expertise in talks aboard and excursions ashore. And other eminent speakers will guide you through the exciting and intriguing world of flexible, lifetime guaranteed food storage systems. Each evening's talk is followed by a lively Tupperware Party, where you can dance to the Tupperware Band, and buy more Tupperware.

POSSIBLY YOUR LAST CHANCE TO EXPERIENCE THIS SPECIAL TUPPERWARE HOLIDAY

None of us are getting any younger, and let's face it - you can't take it with you. Prices for the "Tupperware Cruise" start from £15,995 per person (that's about a mattress full). Price includes cup of tea and a sit down at Hull. All food and Tupperware are extra. A 10% discount is available for the geriatrically disorientated. Book now, before you die. Fill in the coupon today.

GUEST SPEAKERS

PROFESSOR ABEL J. CRIBB

'What Price Food Freshness?'

ROSS DAVIDSON Star of Eastenders 'Storage of Cooked and Raw Meats'

RICHARD BAKER Former BBC Newsreader and pensioner's friend. 'From Tin to Tupperware! The history of the sandwich box'

TV GLADIATOR 'SHADOW'

'Breakfast Breakthrough - Keeping cereals crunchy the Tupperware way'

DAME THORA HIRD

'A Life in the Theatre (with Tupperware)'

Tupperware Market. **WED 8th** At sea. Small fire in engine room. Night spent on deck avoiding thick smoke. **THURS 9th** Towed into Teesside by sturdy barge. Minibus excursion to Yarm Post Office to pick up pensions. **FRI 10th** At sea. Ship listing badly. Appears to be going in circles. **SAT 11th** Arrive Teesside again. Optional excursion to view magnificent fire at major petrochemical factory. **SUN 12th** Set sail for Hull. Relaxing day at sea. Captains farewell Tupperware Dinner in the evening. **MON 13th** Ship runs aground on Klinsee sand flats. Transfer by Bosun's Chair to minibus. **TUES 14th** Minibus runs into ditch in Partrisham. Unscheduled overnight stay in minibus in ditch. **WED 15th** Arrive at Hull Docks car park 48 hours late. Beige Marina stolen.



TWILIGHT CRUISES TC

Yest! My time is ticking away and I've already lost most of my marbles.
I enclose £15,995 cash.

Name _____

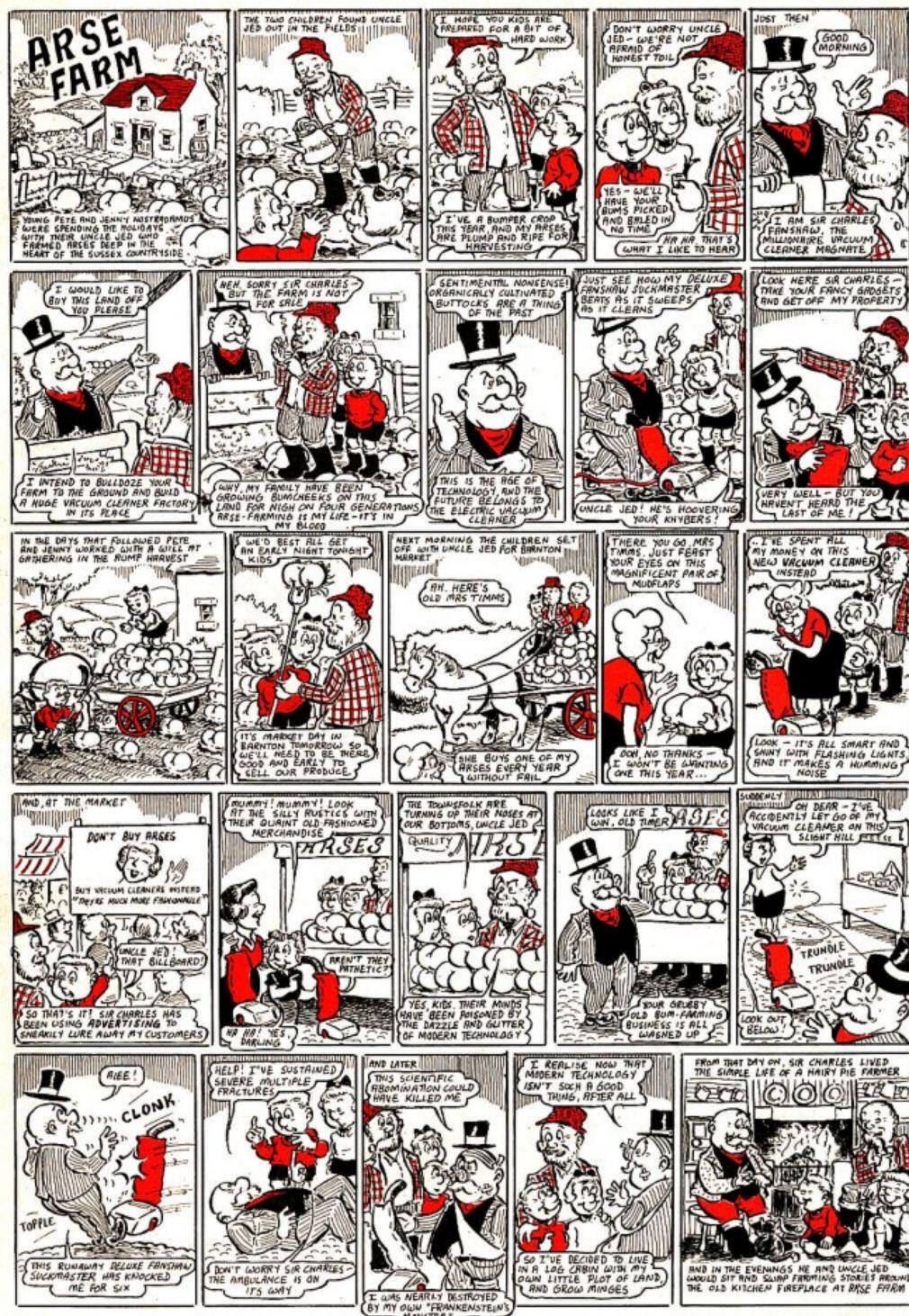
Address _____

Post Code _____

Send to: Flag of Convenience Holidays Ltd
(Dept TUP), PO Box 6, Liberia

* For misleading purposes, the ship illustrated may and will differ from the one you travel on. The company terms and conditions are subject to international maritime law under which no refund can be given.





WINNERS

ISSUE 80

INEPT CRIME: Inexp Crime books go to Richard Easton, Newburn. Mr D E Roberts, Whickham. R Ward, Northallerton. Phil Glass, Leeds. L Colmer, Canterbury. B Devine, Devizes. Nick Talbot, Woking. Daniel Taylor, Hull. Steve Middleton, Nottingham. Sally Trundley, Newcastle upon Tyne. Neville Kenyon, Enfield. David Clapham, Sheffield. Pete O'Reilly, Preston. Alexander Proctor, Glasgow. M Holland, Ellingham. Mr H Tinsley, Birming. Cain Gray, Wellington. R Birrell, Clapton. R Watson, Cambridge. Greg Francis, Cardiff. Grant, Totteridge. R A Shamini, Shepherds Bush. David Lopatka, Walthamstow. Matthew Griffiths, Wallasey. Silton Micawber, Stockport. Dave Lawson, Maidenhead. Nicky Cox, Godalming. John Wilcock, Dartford. Bobbin. Miss S Bassett, Darlford. Emma Poole, Guildford. Mr A A Tull, Stratford. Lee Richardson, Cambridge. Mr J Cowling, Swindon. M S Glassy, Houghton le Spring. A J Davies, Wallington. Richard Cracknell, Walthamstow. John J Falvey, Barnet. Andy Dolman, Woodlcombe. Mike Painter, Harrow. Ian Walmsley, Glos. Phil Hulme, Exeter. Louise Prince, Camberley. Chris Jones, Wimborne. Andrew McCall, Bathgate. Steve Dodds, Sleaford. David Allison, Glasgow. John Maskay, Stevenage. Paul Hesketh Costabell, London. D M Marcus, Hove. Nigel Clark, Dorking. Finally, congratulations to the following jokers who got the answers wrong even though they were printed at the end of the competition. Mr A Coughlan, Merthyr Tydfil. S Webb, Worthing. Mr A R Hague, Windsor.

HOBGOBLIN: Ten crates of Hobgoblin go to Mrs J Thor, Dorking.

ISSUE 81

SID THE SIXIST: Sid books go to Julie Horwill, Bradford. Mr W D Jones, Spain. S Milne, Tynemouth. Mr S Adams, Colfert, Wiltshire. Bill Bates, Norwich. Paul Robson, Hayes. Paul Kirrane, Harrow. Nick Talbot, Woking. Lisa McGreevy, Cheshunt. Tom Dilling, Edward. Frank Aski, Seaton Delaval. Anthony Hatty, London. John Maskay, Colchester. Chris Morgan, Dewsbury. Paul Harley, Cattford. Mr R Morison, Edinburgh. Mr L Smith, Sutton. Peter Sutton, Hyde. Dean, Cipriani. Robert Kilroy, Keighley. Bill Thackray, Addington. Neville Kenyon, Enfield. Matt Bancroft, Barnet. Marshall Craig, Sandbank. Chris Stanners, Leeds. Edie Ward, Glasgow. S Webb, Worthing. William Morcombe, St Asaph. Noel Jones, Surrey. Mr I Bassett, Wallasey. Patrick Craig, Essex. R Hiles, Edinburgh. Paul Greenham, Maldon. Matt Alexander, Cumbernauld. B Devine, Devizes. Richard Easton, Rothbury. Jim Callaway, Liverpool. Andy Collins, Southport. Mr P Pickles, Leeds. Mike Painter, Harrow. S Davidson, Perth. Miss Lynette K Sheehan, Home Bay. C Easton, Bradford. Mr M J Baker, Havant. Mr D Harrison, Hounslow. Sarah Dawson, Newcastle upon Tyne. Ian Cuff, Dorset. Phil Glass, Leeds.

HOW TO ENTER

Write your answers on a postcard with a pen, or on your computer with a mouse, and post them to:

Viz, P.O. Box 1PT,
Newcastle upon Tyne,
NE9 1PT

Or E mail them to:
web@johnbrown.co.uk

Remember to include your own name and postal address. Closing date for competitions in this issue

is 10th March 1997.

brewery



12. Cheers! In which fictitious TV boozers are these fictitious TV couple posing?

- (a) *The Queen Vic*
- (b) *The Dagnar*
- (c) *Strokes Wine Bar*

13. Which fictitious TV pub was partly demolished by a fictitious runaway lorry in 1979?

- (a) *The Woolpack*
- (b) *The Rovers Return*
- (c) *The Queen Vic*

14. Eight years later fictitious Eastenders TV pub The Dagnar staged a daring theme night to attract customers away from its fictitious TV rival pub *The Queen Vic*. What was the event?

- (a) *A Mardi Gras Night*
- (b) *A Tupperware Party*
- (c) *A £25 head strip show featuring four 'exotic dancers' from Manchester who dance naked for the first half of the show, then, after a short interval perform sexual intercourse live on stage with numerous members of the audience.*

15. In direct retaliation, what sort of theme night did the Queen Vic stage?

- (a) *A Country and Western night*
- (b) *A lap dancing night, with Michelle Fowler circulating around the tables, shaking her tits in everyone's faces*
- (c) *A bare knuckle boxing night*

16. Which fictitious straight barman of a fictitious TV boozier came out

of the real life closet recently to reveal that he is both gay and bald? We think.

- (a) *Sam Malone*
- (b) *Jack Duckworth*
- (c) *Dennis Watts*

17. Which of the following fictitious radio licensed premises is NOT in the fictitious Archer's town of Ambridge?

- (a) *The Bull*
- (b) *Nelson's*
- (c) *The Cat and Fiddle*

18. It is not our intention to imply that any of the following three people have a drink problem. But which one of the following three blokes would you least expect to find lying unconscious in a crumpled heap at the bottom of your garden on a Sunday morning, stinking of booze?

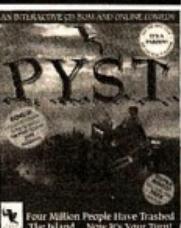
- (a) *Sir Nicholas Scott*
- (b) *Brian Clough*
- (c) *Prince Andrew*

Please mark your entries 'Viz Beer'

If any real-life licensee would like to sell Viz Top Tipple, please ring George at the North Yorkshire Brewing Company on (01642) 226224



Get Pyst in your bedroom



If you've ever heard of PYST, which is some sort of computer game, then you'll probably be amused to hear about PYST. Because PYST is a piss take of MYST. If you're a computer buff with no pressing social engagements on the horizon, you can check PYST out for yourself on the Interweb world wide superhighway site. The number to press is www.pyst.com. We've got twelve copies of this 'hilarious' rom CD to give away. Test your knowledge of information technology by answering the following computerized questions.

1. If you wanted to switch your computer on, what would you do?

- (a) *Work it over*
- (b) *Boot it up*
- (c) *Kick its fucking teeth in*

2. What's an Apple Mac?

- (a) *It's a fruit, chief*
- (b) *It's a computer, pal*
- (c) *It's a beefburger with apple sauce*

3. If your computer 'goes down', what is it doing?

- (a) *Falling off the table*
- (b) *Switching itself off due to a fault*
- (c) *Sucking your television's cock*

4. How long after passing your test are you allowed to take your computer on the super information highway?

- (a) *6 months*
- (b) *2 years*
- (c) *Straight away*

Send your post cards by either Royal or E mail to the usual address to arrive by no later than the latest date by which they should arrive.

Half price rice!

Rupali's loss is your grain

Award winning mental case restaurateur Abdul Latif is one onion short of a bhaji.

from central London by train, plus a five minute walk.

For readers who can't poppadom down to Newcastle, here's a chance to win a meal for four, served up by the Rupali restaurant, and delivered direct to your door by courier. It might still be hot, depending on where you live. If you make a Lord-able attempt to answer these Lordy questions, the prize could be yours.

1. Their brains and their bladders might be on the way out, but the committee of that upright institution the M.C.C. are still very much in control of English cricket. Where are their headquarters?

- (a) *Lourdes*
- (b) *Lords*
- (c) *The Louvre*

2. Which actor played detective Steve McGarrett in the seventies TV series Hawaii Five-O?

- (a) *Telly Savalas*
- (b) *Raymond Burr*
- (c) *Jack Lord*

3. Which of the following is the odd one out (because it is a hymn and dance show, as opposed to a book about flies or rings).

- (a) *Lord Of The Flies*
- (b) *Lord Of The Dance*
- (c) *Lord Of The Rings*

Send your answers, etc. The winner will be sent a Rupali Restaurant menu in the post. Once you have chosen your meal, we will make the necessary arrangements for delivery.



Abdul Latif, Lord of Harpole receiving yet another prestigious award - in the form of a tu'penny ha'penny plaque - from some old bird yesterday.

The MODERN PARENTS

How are you getting on with that book we gave you, Tarquin, "Struggling Through Adolescence"?

I'm finding it very useful, thanks...



It's just the right height for our roller-blade ramp.



Tarquin, millions of people in the Third World have to fight for the right of literacy... You should treat books with more respect.

The authors, Suzi and Ben Carey are friends of ours... They're coming to lunch today, so you can discuss the book with them if you like...



Don't be ridiculous! Anyway, they've got a fourteen-year-old daughter, Zaza, so you won't have to stay and talk to us adults.

You can take her up to your room and have a deep conversation about being a teenager in the 90s.

Shortly...

Does Zaza go to the same school as Tarquin?

Er... no... actually, Zaza goes to a boarding school during the week, now...

Really?... I thought you'd be against private education.



Oh, well, it's not really a traditional private school, Cressida... The Greenbough Sanctuary Academy provides a supportive environment for special, sensitive young people with extra needs.

Many of the pupils come from really deprived backgrounds.



We felt it was the best place for Zaza to work through her inappropriate-narcotic-experimentation-behaviour-pattern.

Gosh! I didn't know she had a drug problem!



Oh, we don't use the term "problem"... It gives a negative inference to a normal phase of adolescent rebellion against society's illogical laws on drug use.

We're so proud of Zaza... The way she's bravely working through her problems... And it's giving us such a lot of material for our new book.



Hey, the kids I really worry about are the so-called "normal", well-behaved ones who never rebel at all...

God, yes!... They'll probably grow up to be office workers or scientists or something!

Absolutely... Brain-washed fascists!



But of course, we don't need to tell you two anything about teenagers!... I guess Tarquin must be at least thirteen, isn't he?

Nearly fourteen...

Then you'll be living with all the wild parties, loud music, sex, drugs and alcohol...



I expect he's outside now, helping Zaza to spray paint graffiti on your garden fence or skinning up a joint behind the shed, ha, ha.



See?... When Guin hits the ball, he has to run to the other wicket and get back before you can bowl him out... Or we can catch him out.



Later...

If young people don't go through a rebellious adolescent phase, they aren't able to mature into responsible adults like us...

We must give Tarquin more encouragement to be a proper teenager...



The next day...

Hi, Tarquin!... Had a good day at school?

What are you doing in my room?



We've just been giving it a bit of a facelift... Do you like it?

STUFF THE ESTABLISHMENT!

HEY! TUNE OUT, TURN OFF AND DROP IN!



What have you done to my room? Where's all my stuff gone?

It's O.K., Tarquin... We know what it's like to be young... We don't mind you having your dad like this... It's cool, man!

Now, Malcolm and Guinevere and I are going to stay at Uncle Eddie's tonight so you'll have the house to yourself...

Good! I'll be able to put my room back to normal.

Don't be silly! I'm sure you'll want to have an all-night teenage party.

A party? Well, I suppose it would be good to have my friends round, without you being here to embarrass me...

Great! Now we don't mind people using our bedroom... but don't forget to hand out plenty of condoms...

And if anyone throws up, just make sure they make it to the toilet.

Look! My friends aren't like that!... We'll just play some tapes, dance a bit, have some party food and some soft drinks... Maybe a glass of wine or cider... And it'll finish at about 11 o'clock, alright?

A little later...

It's not natural!... He's never going to get into The Greenbough Sanctuary Academy if he doesn't get his ideas together...

We'd better make sure his party is a real rite-of-passage experience for him... Let's go and buy some alcohol for the young people to experiment with.

Good idea! But what about drugs?

Young people are bound to dabble in drugs these days... The worst thing you can do is to make a taboo of the whole subject by just telling them "no"...

It's our duty to be informed about what our kids are taking... I'll go and buy the drugs myself, whilst you go to the off-licence.

Shortly...
Wow! This looks like a real ghetto area...
Aha, a gang of street kids!

Yo, man, give me five! Respect!

Eh? It's a weirdo! Let's go!

You dudes know where I can score some 'E's?

You what?

C'mon! I got the bread! Hit me with the good shit... man!

Er... Oh, right! E's! Yeah, I've got some! Five pounds each! How many'd you want?

Oh... er... let me see... How many does one need?... I suppose a couple of dozen should suffice...

Hee hee hee!
Shhh!

Now, they are pure and organically grown, aren't they? I don't want to get any bad ones...

Don't worry, mister... These won't do you no harm at all!

All sorted! You've got the drink... Good!

Yes... Mind you, I'm a bit worried that all Tarquin's friends are so straight and boring that they'll probably ignore all this drink and drugs...

I know! Let's go over to The Greenbough Sanctuary Academy and invite Zaza and all her mates over... They'll show Tarquin a thing or two about being a teenager...

So... I can see a group of young people... They seem to be on their own...



...and, look, I don't blame you kids for going off the rails... The real villains are the drug pushers and perverts who prey on young people like you and ruin your lives... If we work together, we can nail these bastards...

He's right, kids!... He may be a copper, but, hey, he's talking sense!

Hi kids! Who wants to sneak out and come to our party? We've got loads of drugs and booze!... And if any of you want to experiment sexually in our bed, that's fine with us!



Many hours later...

Bloody fascists! I thought they'd never let me go!

POLICE

It's lucky I persuaded them to... Come on, let's get this stuff over to Tarquin's party.

Tchah!... Everyone's gone home!... I don't know what's wrong with the youth of today!

But what are we going to do with all the booze and drugs?

An hour later...

STOP THIS RACKET NOW!! I've got kicking in now, man!

Listen, I can play this bit,

THUD THUD THUD



John Russell

JENUINE KNOCKED OFF VIZ T SHIRTS

£5 EACH!!

Me and my Mate's just done the Viz warehouse again. We've got loadz & BARGAIN gear to shift.

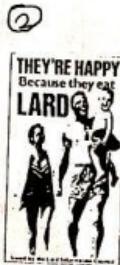
WARNING: These Tshirts are STOLEN. If you see a copper coming TURN OVER THE PAGE

sharpish!



NO SHIT! Come on ladies.

Take your pick from these lot:-



Roger Say's BOLLOCKS
Roger Melly - the bloke who swears!
Cockney Wanker

alright Darlin'!!



⑨ **FARMER Farmer**
"Get off my land!!!"



⑩ **SWEARY FLAGS!**

HOW TO BUY THEM

Either come down the pub at lunch time (I'll be in the gents toilets) or you can buy them **POST**.

ONLY
£5.00

NO POST TO PAY
NEITHER.

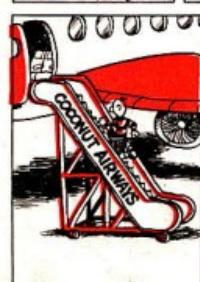
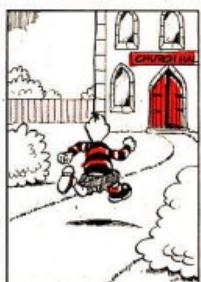
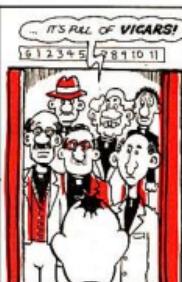
Tell us what shirts you after and make cheeckes payable to me, "Dennis"
Send them to Dennis, %Viz, P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle NE99 1PT

DON'T SAY NOWT TO NEBODY - and NO CASH - The Postie's a teabag.

JOHNNY FARTPANTS

BRUMPH!

MORE CHEESE-CUTTING CHUCKLES FROM THE BOY WITH THE YODELLING STARFISH



WARNING: READERS DISMISSED. HOLDING A FAIRY IN CAN BE DANGEROUS AND MAY CAUSE YOUR HEART TO EXPLODE.

PARK...**CAMERA...****ACTION!**

**With TV's Smug Git
ALISTAIR STEWART**

"On the face of it this scene looks pretty unremarkable. But take a look at the Porsche in the right of the picture."

The driver may have the money to buy a flash car, but he doesn't have the brains to park it properly. Look closely at the red Fiesta on the left. How on Earth is he going to get out of that space?"

"Fifteen minutes later and can you believe it? He's still doing it, oblivious to the danger he's causing other drivers. Each day in Britain an estimated 500,000 drivers park their cars *askew*!"



07/01/96 15:21 0008462

"There's *careless* parking, there's *bad* parking. And there's downright *bloody imbecile* parking! Just look at this nutcase".



04/04/95 11:04 0005955

"Not only is he parked illegally on a double yellow line - blocking a busy bus lane - but the cretin has also mounted the kerb! Just watch the pedestrian in the anorak in the left of the picture as he walks past - and misses the vehicle by less than 2 feet! A lucky escape for him on this occasion"

19/05/95 15:32 0008756

"The driver may have the money to buy a flash car, but he doesn't have the brains to park it properly. Look closely at the red Fiesta on the left. How on Earth is he going to get out of that space?"

09/11/95 15:05 0002958



"If you think that's bad, take a look at this. What was the driver of the motorcycle thinking of? That's a *bicycle* rack, and that means just that. It's for parking bicycles!"

"Why bother painting lines on the road when lunatics like this are going to come along and ignore them completely? This driver's near side front wheel is dangerously over the line. A hazard to other car park users, and it restricts parking in adjoining spaces..."

"Is it any wonder so many parking offences are committed when driving *instructors* set examples like this? Talk about the blind leading the blind."



"Lesson number one for any BSM driving tutors watching: Don't park on double yellow lines"

26/08/95 9:10 0009469

"Finally this week, an example of sheer parking madness. Just look at this *fuckwit* in the red Hyundai!"



"Reckless and foolhardy parking which frankly *beggars belief*. He thought he'd get away with it. But this driver's luck just ran out".

19/10/95 10:55 0005204

"It's the brave traffic wardens who are left to tidy up the mess that is bad parking on Britain's roads, side streets and designated car parks. Here a warden approaches the vehicle and takes the top off his pen..."



12/02/95 15:00 0005410

"The driver of this car returned moments later, and received a stern ticking off from the traffic warden. Next time he'll think twice before parking badly!"

"That's all for this week's show. Hope you've enjoyed it. More crazy parking manoeuvres and double yellow line action from Britain's car parks next time!"